

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.

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MINISTERIAL INDIFFERENCE: THE GOVERNMENT'S LANGUID RECEPTION OF THE OPPOSITION'S FIERCE ATTACK ON THEIR DECISION TO REMAIN IN OFFICE.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.

The virulence of the Opposition's attack on Mr. Balfour's decision to remain in office found a curious contrast in the languid and almost bored indifference with which the storm of criticism was received on the other side of the House. At one time, Mr. Balfour, the Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Long seemed to be emulating the Sleepers of Ephesus. Colonel Sanderson was the only vigorous speaker for the Government.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

That interesting man, the Kaiser, gives neither Europe nor himself any rest. I was wrong when I said that the German Fleet would not have its share in the fraternising. "Go and visit dear little Denmark," said the Kaiser to his Admirals. "Perhaps you had better not talk to the Danes about that old affair with Schleswig-Holstein; but if you do, say I don't bear them any ill-will." The Danes seem to have accepted this august attention resignedly; but it is not the German war-ships that have fluttered Europe. It is the cruise of the Tsar to meet the Kaiser. Nicholas skipped out of his dominions to have a confabulation with William, leaving his subjects in wonder for a moment whether he would come back. William had arranged all this with his usual genius for unexpected diversion. Europe had a creepy sensation when she thought of the possibilities. The Kaiser's excursion to Tangier had no friendly import for the Anglo-French *entente*; perhaps the Imperial yachting in the Baltic was designed to damage the Franco-Russian alliance. Would the Kaiser exhort his embarrassed cousin to persevere in the path of reform, or to vindicate the divine right of kings by sweeping aside the presumptuous Zemstvos, and pursuing a holy war against the Yellow Peril?

To stir up curiosity in this way must be more amusing than alarming Prussian garrisons. Some of the Kaiser's subjects keep the fun going by painting the British people as eager for war. A Berlin paper receives numerous letters, it says, which confirm the opinion that the island bulldog is straining at his chain with impatient ferocity. He cares nothing about diplomatic conventions, but wants to fasten his teeth in the nearest German leg without further ado. And this when our military critics are wondering how many teeth (if any) the bulldog has in his jaws! We may have a thirst for gore: but we have a wonderful knack of dissembling it. In the hall of the Carlton Restaurant I listened after lunch to a political discussion. An amiable young man, with a slight stammer, announced to a lady that when the inevitable revolution broke out in this country, he should be its Robespierre. You would never have thought it, to look at him; but beneath a smiling and docile exterior may lurk a volcano. The lady remained calm, and remarked that there was no need she could see for any revolution. Our governing classes were composed of old families, whose breeding and education supplied the finest public spirit. Look at countries which had enjoyed revolution, and you would observe that public spirit there was the art of picking the public pocket. The budding Robespierre answered that this was very high Tory doctrine; and the lady retorted that the higher it was the better; she had nailed her colours to the top of it.

I don't know when Robespierre proposes to begin operations; not, it may be, until we have drunk the blood of the Germans, and are in the mood for domestic slaughter. But I hope he will remember that conversation after lunch, and spare the head of the intrepid lady who bade him do his worst. When the tumbrils wait at the Carlton door (instead of the merry coaches and motor-cars of old), Robespierre, in a sea-green necktie, will not, I trust, show any fierce insular prejudice against the innocent foreign damsel, should she chance still to be there, who remarked of some flowers to a friend: "Look at these coarse English daisies; so different from our refined daisies in New York!" People have been guillotined for less. My bloodthirsty spirit, you see, peeps through the mask of dissimulation. A reader of this Journal, by the way, asks me to send him the words of "The Death of Nelson," for which he has vainly searched the public libraries of Canada. Let him ask for Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Year of Trafalgar," wherein the song is printed, together with other martial strains appropriate to the theme. He will find Mr. Newbolt's account of the great sea-fight very stimulating. If anybody says I am raking up these bygones for a sinister purpose, let me hide behind the effigy of the pacific statesman for whom it is proposed to make room among the statues in the Abbey by curtailing the memorial of a naval hero.

There are no deep machinations in this country except in our Parliamentary strategy. We have no military staff that thinks out campaigns against other nations. A conspicuous politician, who may be still more conspicuous in the near future, has declared such a thing to be abhorrent to his soul. To be absolutely unprepared for a great national emergency is still the summit of wisdom. But in party warfare we have strategists of the first order, guerillas of lightning agility, men who can plan an ambush and lure into it even the wariest foe. Give them time, and they will all have their statues in the Abbey. An allegorical group, representing the successful party Whip on the alert, with a confident smile, while his opponent is surprised by the emergence of members

from unsuspected corners of the Parliament buildings when the division-bell is ringing, might fitly commemorate great deeds. How much more civilised and humane than all the trophies of war! The German imagination pictures us plotting the ruin of other peoples, of whose superior virtues we are jealous; and all the while we are exulting over a division in the House, or dejectedly explaining why we were not there to save our party. Strangely enough, the foreign critics who reproached us with our primitive thirst for carnage, our robber instincts, our unsleeping perfidy, also warn us that our latter end is near because we are a poor, nerveless race, unworthy of our heritage. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* a Russian pronounces the doom of our incapacity. A Russian! We could not hold up our heads after that but for the undimmed glories of our party strategists.

Any foreign student who enjoys the mysteries of our Constitution must have had a regular debauch this week. When the party strategists are not tripping one another up in the division lobbies, they expatiate on the fine shades of constitutional practice. The foreign student, who likes to have all things made clear to a logical mind, may ask at what stage in its career a Ministry is justly exposed to the charge of clinging to office in defiance of public opinion. He will find that all Ministries have been exposed to this charge, and that they have not minded it much. He may suspect that public opinion, when it has put one set of politicians in office, begins very soon to show a restive desire to get them out again. Governments, as a rule, do not win bye-elections. The bye-electors has his fling at them as soon as he can; and their opponents point to this playfulness on his part as a proof that the men in office ought not to be there. But they stay there all the same. Many years ago, certain statesmen were in such general disfavour that a topical song in the reigning burlesque celebrated their constant experience as "here a kick, there a kick, everywhere a kick." But they continued to administer our affairs with composure.

Another peculiarity of our Constitution is that, however odious to the bye-electors a Ministry may be in domestic concerns, it may conduct its foreign policy amidst general approval. At the very moment when it is declared to be falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, it may be framing foreign relations which, when they are disclosed, will be found quite in accord with public sentiment. Thus the Minister whose head has been demanded one day on a charger to serve for the bye-electors' breakfast, figures the next day as the oracle of the nation. Struck by this paradox, the foreign student may ask why a Ministry, which is supposed to have forfeited the confidence of the country, should be applauded for executing in profound secrecy projects of the greatest moment to the national destinies. The answer is that such is our constitutional game. The American Republic appoints the President for four years to do what he pleases, public opinion notwithstanding; but it empowers the Senate to veto his treaties with foreign States, also with no regard to public opinion. Paradox for paradox, perhaps ours is not so striking as the American; but it may occur to the student that in practice our Septennial Act has pretty much the same effect as the American plan, though for a longer term, in curbing the natural impatience of the electors.

Well, the life of even the most tenacious Ministry must end in a few years; but the private citizen can live on, said Dr. Haddon at the Health Congress, for a century or two, if he will be content with one meal a day. Old Parr, you may be sure, did not reach the age of 150 by eating a large lunch and a still larger dinner. It seems that a German named Solis died at 180 after a regimen described thus: "Only one meal a day; all his food cold; butcher's meat only twice a week; fasted twice each month, taking nothing on these occasions but water." This is tolerably austere, but not up to the standard of Pythagoras, who held that a man ought to be ashamed of being ill, and that self-respect could be maintained only on a diet of bread and apples. Pythagoras is not esteemed on account of his age. Believing that the soul of my grandam may haply inhabit a bird, he was probably not very eager to stay long in one incarnation. But what the venerable Solis did, except grow tremendously old, history sayeth not.

Who wants to be 180? I can imagine a man of peculiar temperament and large possessions, following the example of Solis for the pleasure of outliving several generations of hopeful heirs. I can also imagine a desire to see what will happen to the British Constitution a century or so from now. But the price to be paid for gratifying either ambition would be rather heavy. It would not be pleasant to be treated by one's family as a malevolent mummy; and the state of the poor old Constitution in the year 2000 might be intolerably painful to a sympathetic citizen who remembered its palmy days.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

COOK'S  
BANK HOLIDAY AND  
SUMMER EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS.

FROM ST. PANCRAS,  
City, Greenwich, Woolwich, and other Stations.

BY THE  
BEST ROUTE  
FOR COMFORTABLE TRAVEL  
AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

## IRELAND.

Via Heysham and other Principal routes.

EVERY THURSDAY  
Aug. 3 to Sept. 28,  
except Sept. 21.  
Fortnightly Excursions,  
THURSDAYS,  
Aug. 3 to Sept. 28.  
EVERY SATURDAY,  
Aug. 3 to Sept. 14.

BEIFAST, LONDONDERRY, Port-  
rush, and the NORTH of IRE-  
LAND.  
DUBLIN, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, and  
the SOUTH and WEST of IRE-  
LAND.  
LONDONDERRY.

## SCOTLAND AND NORTH OF ENGLAND.

FORTNIGHTLY EXCURSIONS.

From FRIDAY,  
August 4 to September 29 inclusive,  
for 7 or 17 days.

Ainwick, Berwick, Newcastle, Durham,  
Darlington, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW,  
STIRLING, PERTH, DUNDEE,  
ABERDEEN, Inverness, Strathpeffer,  
&c., &c.

## PROVINCIAL TOWNS and SEASIDE, and INLAND PLEASURE RESORTS.

Friday Midnight, August 4,  
for 3, 6, or 7 days.  
Saturday Midnight, August 5,  
for 2, 5, or 6 days.  
Saturday, August 5,  
for 3, 6, or 7 days.  
EVERY SATURDAY afterwards,  
until September 30,  
for 3, 6 or 8 days.

Leicester, Loughboro', Nottingham, Shef-  
field, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, Keighley,  
Warrington, Stockport, Manchester,  
Liverpool.  
Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Newark,  
Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries,  
Macclesfield, Buxton, Manchester, Liverpool,  
Wigan, Blackburn, Bury, Sheffield, Bar-  
nley, York, Hull, Durham, Darlington,  
Newcastle, Morecambe, Carlisle, &c.

## GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, and HELENSBURGH.

DAYLIGHT EXCURSIONS EVERY SATURDAY,  
July 29 until September 2, inclusive,  
For 8 or 16 days.

## AND

## ISLE OF MAN.

Every FRIDAY MIDNIGHT and EVERY SATURDAY  
MORNING until  
September 30.  
For 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

Every SATURDAY until September 30, for 3, 8, 10, 15,  
or 17 days, to

PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE,  
MATLOCK, BUXTON, and HAYFIELD.

## AND

## LAKE DISTRICT,

YORKSHIRE and LANCASHIRE COASTS,  
&c.

## AND

BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, ST. ANNE'S,  
and FLEETWOOD,

Except August 5, when the bookings will be given on  
FRIDAY, August 4.  
Returning on the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week,  
Saturday week, or Monday fortnight.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7.

LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, and Loughborough, from St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m.,  
for 1, 2, or 3 days; and at 12.15 p.m. (noon), for half, two, or three days.

KETTERING for one day, and to BIRMINGHAM (for the Races, August 7 and 8)  
for 1, 2, 4, or 5 days, from St. Pancras at 8.40 a.m.

ST. ALBANS (Athletic Sports) and HARPENDEN, LUTON, and BEDFORD  
(Military Tournament at Bedford) for day trips from ST. PANCRAS at 8.20 a.m. and  
10.55 a.m.; at 12.40 p.m. for half-day to each station, and at 1.5 p.m. to St. Albans,  
Harpenden, and Luton only.

## SOUTHEND AND WESTCLIFFE-ON-SEA.

## DAY EXCURSIONS.

MONDAY, August 7, and each day during August and September.

## HALF-DAY and WEEK-ENDS in the COUNTRY.

EVERY SATURDAY, for half, two, or three days, to

FLITWICK  
AMPTHILL  
TURVEY  
OLNEY

PIDDINGTON  
BEDFORD  
WELLINGBORO'  
KETTERING

EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY FOR HALF-DAY.  
ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN; REDBOURNE, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD,  
and LUTON.

Also to HARPENDEN and LUTON every THURSDAY (for two days), and every  
SATURDAY, for two or three days.

## EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Week-end Tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday from London (St. Pancras)  
and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY  
RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North East Coast,  
Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. For the August Bank Holiday these  
tickets will be available for returning on Sunday (where train service permits) Monday,  
Tuesday, or Wednesday, August 6, 7, 8, or 9.

TICKETS, PAMPHLETS, &c., may be had at ST. PANCRAS and other  
MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES; and from THOS. COOK  
and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, July 1905.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

## LEYDEN, HOLLAND.

## HOTEL DU COMMERCE.

Opposite the station; agreeable situation. Most convenient for tourists. Favourably  
recommended for its admirable arrangements.

M. DE GRAUW, Proprietor.

## PALACE HOTEL, BUXTON.

FINEST POSITION. 200 ROOMS.

GARAGE WITH PIT.

## NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.  
Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries.  
NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.  
FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."  
GRAND NAVAL AND MILITARY CONCERTS.  
Go on board the full-size Cruiser.  
Real Batteries of 47 Guns, Hotchkiss and Maxims.  
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.  
Panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar. West's "Our Navy." Maxims' Captive Flying  
Machine. Fairy Grotto. Indian Canoes. Burton's Great Red Indian Village—Chiefs,  
Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine. Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin.  
Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.



# LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

## EXCURSIONS

and SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS

in connection with

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

from

LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain Suburban Stations, to  
THE BEST SEASIDE AND INLAND RESORTS  
FOR HEALTH. FOR PLEASURE.

SEATON.  
LYME REGIS.  
WEYMOUTH.  
BOURNEMOUTH.  
SWANAGE.  
SOUTHAMPTON.  
SOUTHSEA.  
ISLE OF WIGHT.

## THE SUNNY SOUTH

and South-West.

DEVON, CORNWALL,  
&c.

Also to the principal places in

BUDLEIGH  
SALTERTON.  
EXETER.  
SIDMOUTH.  
EXMOUTH.  
TAVISTOCK.  
BUDE.  
PADSTOW.  
LYNTON.  
ILFRACOMBE.

SOMERSET, WILTS, GLOUCESTER, SURREY, &c.,  
and to certain

RIVERSIDE STATIONS.

Combined

RAIL &amp; SEA TRIPS.

Via Southampton, to the

CHANNEL ISLANDS and the  
FRENCH COAST.

For PARIS, NORMANDY, BRITTANY, &amp;c.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

For full particulars see  
Programmes, obtainable,  
together with "free" Illustrated  
Guide, at the Company's  
London Offices; or from  
Mr. HENRY HOLMES,  
Superintendent of the  
Line, Waterloo  
Station, S.E.

# LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

BEST EXPRESS TRAINS for

FAMILIES,

TOURISTS, and

SPORTSMEN.

From LONDON (EUSTON)

TO					
NORTH WALES .. .. .	9.30 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	and 11.15 a.m.		
CENTRAL WALES .. .. .	11.0 .. .. .	11.30 .. .. .			
BLACKPOOL .. .. .	11.30 .. .. .				
MORECAMBE .. .. .	11.30 .. .. .				
ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT .. .. .	11.30 .. .. .				

a—Runs from July 22 to Aug. 31.

b—From July 22 to Aug. 31 leaves Euston 11.10 a.m.

## To IRELAND.

IRISH MAIL .. .. .	8.30 a.m.	and 8.45 p.m.	via KINGSTOWN.
DUBLIN .. .. .	11.0 .. .. .	10.15 .. .. .	via NORTH WALL.
BELFAST .. .. .	5.30 .. .. .		via FLEETWOOD.
" .. .. .	5.55 .. .. .		via LIVERPOOL.
" .. .. .	7.50 .. .. .		via GREENORE.
" .. .. .	8.10 .. .. .		via STRANKAER.

Sx—Saturdays excepted.

## To SCOTLAND.

Day Expresses, with Corridor Luncheon and Dining Cars.

For EDINBURGH .. .. .	9.35 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	2.0 p.m.
GLASGOW .. .. .	10.0 .. .. .	11.30 .. .. .	2.0 .. .. .
ABERDEEN .. .. .	10.5 .. .. .	and 2.0 .. .. .	

c—Up to July 22, and from Aug. 27 to Sept. 30, leaves Euston at 10 a.m.

Night Expresses, with Sleeping Cars.

HIGHLAND LINE, INVERNESS, and FAR NORTH .. .. .	7.45 p.m.
OBAN, PERTH, and ABERDEEN .. .. .	8.0 .. .. .
EDINBURGH .. .. .	11.35 .. .. .
GLASGOW .. .. .	11.50 .. .. .

THE L. & N.W. ROUTE IS NOTED FOR ITS PUNCTUALITY AND  
ITS FREEDOM FROM DUST.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. &amp; N.W. Ry.

Euston, July 1905.

# LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

GREENORE (CARLINGFORD LOUGH, IRELAND).

Excellent accommodation is provided at the LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN  
RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL at GREENORE, the improvement and enlarge-  
ment of which have been completed. Conveniently arranged Bungalows have also been  
erected in a pleasant situation facing Carlingford Lough.

GOLF LINKS (18-HOLE COURSE) and Club House have also been provided by  
the Company, and of these RESIDENTS IN THE HOTEL HAVE FREE USE. Full  
pension from 70s. per week.

Passengers with Through Tickets between England and the North of Ireland are  
allowed to break the journey at Greenore.

Euston Station, 1905.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

## LONDON BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RY.

GOODWOOD RACES. Fast Trains for Portsmouth,  
Southsea, & Isle of Wight. Week-days.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria .. .. .	6.20	10.30	11.35	1.42	3.55	—	4.58
Kensington .. .. .	6.8	10.16	11.16	1.26	3.35	—	4.27
London Bridge .. .. .	6.35	10.25	11.35	1.50	4.0	4.55	5.0

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only. \* Addition Road.  
SATURDAY & MONDAY, JULY 29th and 31st, SPECIAL TRAINS FROM  
VICTORIA, for Farnborough, Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester,  
Havant, & to Portsmouth in connection with Steamers for the Isle of Wight.

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS.		A	B	C	D	E
August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, & 4th.						
From		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Victoria .. .. .		7.5	8.45	9.0	9.45	—
Kensington .. .. .		6.57	8.9	8.40	—	—
London Bridge .. .. .		6.35	8.45	—	—	9.40

\* Addition Road. A—To Drayton & Chichester, Return Fares, 17s. 10d., 12s. 2d.,  
10s. 9d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. 8d. C—To Drayton & Chichester,  
Return Fares, 1st Class, 20s., 2nd Class, 15s. D—To Drayton & Chichester, First Class  
only, Return Fare, 25s. E—To Drayton & Chichester, First Class, 25s., 2nd Class, 20s.

Particulars of Supt. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

PARIS, ROUEN & DIEPPE, AUG. BANK HOLIDAY.—  
14-DAY EXCURSIONS, VIA NEWHAVEN. SATURDAY, August 6th, from  
Victoria 9.45 & 10.0 a.m. & 2.15 p.m. London Bridge 10.0 a.m. & 2.0 p.m., and  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, Aug. 3rd to 6th, from Victoria & London Bridge  
9.10 p.m. (1, 2, 3 Class). Fares, Paris, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d.;  
27s. 3d.; 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s.; 25s.; 20s.

DIEPPE, FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return  
Tickets from London Bridge & Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, & Monday, Aug. 4th  
to 7th. Fares, by Day or Night Service (1 & 2 Class), 30s., 22s.; by Night Service only  
(3 Class) 16s., available for return up to Aug. 6th. Cheap Tickets to Dieppe & Rouen  
also issued July 27th to Aug. 3rd for Normandy Fêtes.

1st & 2nd Class Tickets are also issued by a Special Afternoon Service leaving  
Victoria 2.15 p.m.  
Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

# GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

This Company's announcement will be found on page 171.

# GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

CORRIDOR  
TRAIN.  
DINING  
and  
BREAKFAST  
CARS.

TABLE D'HÔTE  
DINNER and BREAKFAST.

Through Carriages and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Berlin,  
Cologne, and Bâle.

ANTWERP, for BRUSSELS, THE ARDENNES, and  
LIÈGE EXHIBITION, via HARWICH.

Dep. from Liverpool Street Station at 8.40 p.m. every Week-day.  
Dining and Breakfast Cars.

DIRECT SERVICE to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant  
Car between York and Harwich.

The Company's Steamers are Twin-Screw Vessels, and sail under the British Flag.

ESBJERG, for Denmark and Scandinavia, by the Royal Danish Mail Steamers of the  
U.S.S. Co. of Copenhagen. Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LIVERPOOL STREET HOTEL, one of the finest in London, adjoins  
Terminus. H. C. AMENDT, Manager.

# SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued from certain London Stations as follows:

DESTINATION.	Days valid.	RETURN FARES.		
		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne) .. .. .	14	58/4	37/6	30/-
BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne) .. .. .	8	48/4	34/2	22/11
AMSTERDAM .. .. .	8	38/-	27/3	18/4
THE HAGUE .. .. .	8	37/11	25/6	—
BOULOGNE .. .. .	8	34/10	22/5	—
" .. .. .	8	24/-	—	12/6
" .. .. .	8	30/-	25/-	17/10
" .. .. .	17	40/-	30/-	20/-
CALAIS .. .. .	3	22/6	—	14/-
OSTEND .. .. .	8	31/6	26/6	20/6
LIÈGE EXHIBITION (via Calais) .. .. .	7	50/-	40/-	27/-
SCHEVENINGEN .. .. .	8	45/6	33/-	22/6

TICKETS AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted)  
and for return on Aug. 7, 8, or 9, will be issued from LONDON to the undermentioned  
Stations on Aug. 4 and 5.

RETURN FARES.			RETURN FARES.		
1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
ASHFORD .. .. .	14/-	9/-	7/-	MARGATE .. .. .	16/-
BEXHILL .. .. .	14/-	9/-	7/6	RAMSGATE .. .. .	16/-
BROADSTAIRS .. .. .	16/-	12/-	8/-	ST. LEONARDS .. .. .	14/-
CANTERBURY .. .. .	14/-	10/6	8/6	SANDGATE .. .. .	17/6
DEAL .. .. .	18/6	14/-	9/-	SANDLING JN. .. .. .	17/6
DOVER .. .. .	17/6	12/6	9/-	SANDWICH .. .. .	14/-
FOLKESTONE .. .. .	17/6	12/6	9/-	SHIRNCLIFFE .. .. .	17/6
HASTINGS .. .. .	14/-	10/6	8/-	TUNSWELL .. .. .	16/6
HERNE BAY .. .. .	14/-	10/-	7/-	WALMER .. .. .	18/6
HYTHE .. .. .	17/6	12/6	9/-	WESTGATE .. .. .	16/-
LITTLESTONE .. .. .	16/-	12/-	9/-	WHITSTABLE .. .. .	14/-

CRYSTAL PALACE on BANK HOLIDAY. Cheap Return Tickets (including  
Admission) will be issued from London.

For full particulars of the above Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special  
Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

"STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING"

BUT GO FOR

YOUR HOLIDAY

BY

# GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

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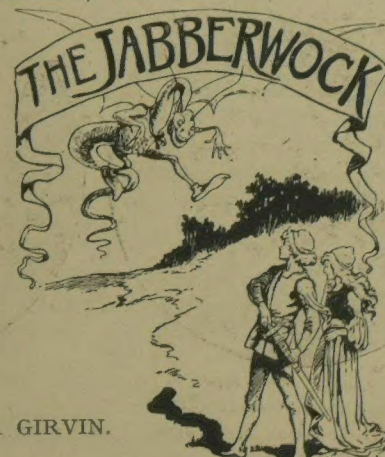
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ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, open from June 1 to  
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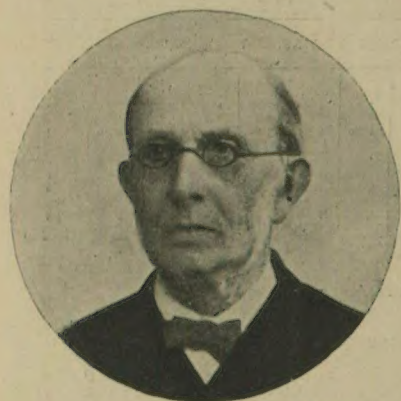
# THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND THE  
OLD BRIGADE.

reviewed them, and entertained them right royally. In the ranks of our *Invalides* are men who represent every great campaign in which the country has been engaged since the Sikh War of 1846. One hundred and twenty of the veterans could remember the fiercest days of the Indian Mutiny, and one of them is credited with having shot the Rani of Jhansi with his own hand, although he



M. POBIEDONOSTSEFF,  
PROCURATOR OF THE HOLY SYNOD  
(OBJECT OF AN ASSASSIN'S ATTACK).

declares himself, with very proper feeling, that it was a comrade's bullet that ended the rebel Princess's career. The pensioners, who were under the command of their new Governor, Sir George White, wore their full uniform, with the three-cornered hat and cockade that is reserved for occasions of the highest ceremony. The ancient lessons of the barracks square are not forgotten, and on the word of command, it was wonderful to see how neatly the old fellows fell in and picked up their dressing in three lines to await the coming of the King and Queen. At one end of the ranks stood the bath-chairs containing those who by reason of old wounds or the infirmity of years were unable to stand shoulder to shoulder with their comrades. Their Majesties passed down the lines and were particularly gracious to the more decrepit of their old servants. Nothing escapes his Majesty's eye, and once he halted to ask the meaning of a certain medal so uncommon that it baffled even the King's great knowledge of decorations. The wearer explained that he was one of the few men of the Mother Country who had served in Canada in 1885 during Louis Riel's rebellion. After the inspection, on the call of the Governor, the pensioners gave three cheers for the King and another three for the Queen, and they were then dismissed to enjoy the hospitality of the Palace.

General Sir  
Frederick  
William

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Edward Forestier-Walker, the new Governor of Gibraltar, was responsible for the lines of communication during the South African War, and was twice "mentioned" for his work. He was born in 1844, and entered the Army in 1862. His active service has been confined to Africa, where he was in the Griqualand Expedition of 1875, the Kaffir and Zulu Campaigns of 1878 and 1879, the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884 and 1885, and, as we have already mentioned, the recent South African War. His staff work has been more varied; he has been Assistant Military Secretary to the General Officer Commanding at the Cape of Good Hope, Acting Military Secretary to the Governor, A.A. and Q.M.G. in the Home District and in South Africa, Brigadier General at Aldershot, on special service in Egypt, and Commander of the Western District.

The Right Rev. the Hon. Arthur Gascoigne Douglas, Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney in the Scottish Episcopal Church, who died somewhat suddenly on July 19, was the youngest son of the nineteenth Earl of Morton, and was ordained in 1850. Before he was elected to succeed Bishop Suther, he was, in turn, chaplain of Hatfield Hall, Durham; curate of the Parish Church, Kidderminster; rector of St. Olave's, Southwark; rector of Scaldwell, Northants; vicar of Shapwick, near Blandford; and a parish priest in Dorsetshire.

Francis Thomas De Grey, seventh Earl Cowper, who died on July 19, was associated with Irish affairs at one of the numerous times when Ireland may be said

The Chelsea pensioners enjoyed a high-day on July 24, when his Majesty bade these old warriors to Buckingham Palace, reviewed them, and entertained them right royally. In the ranks of our *Invalides* are men who represent every great campaign in which the country has been engaged since the Sikh War of 1846. One hundred and twenty of the veterans could remember the fiercest days of the Indian Mutiny, and one of them is credited with having shot the Rani of Jhansi with his own hand, although he



THE LATE EARL COWPER,  
EX-LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

to have dominated the politics of this country. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant in 1880, and was succeeded by Earl Spencer after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish two years later. After the General Election of 1885 he cut himself adrift from the Liberal party, and presided over the meeting held in His Majesty's Theatre in opposition to the first Home Rule Bill. To all intents and purposes this action marked his retirement from among political leaders, although his voice was still heard on questions concerning Ireland and local government in this country.

Ralph Robert Wheeler Lingen, first Baron Lingen, was Permanent Secretary to the Treasury for fifteen years, and was raised to the peerage on his retire-



KILLED BY THEIR MEN: THE OFFICERS OF THE "POTEMKIN," MURDERED BY THE MUTINEERS.

ment in 1885. Born in February 1819, the son of a Birmingham business man and the grandson of a country clergyman, he went up to Oxford from Bridgnorth Grammar School, and there increased his reputation as a classical scholar. In 1841 he was elected a Fellow of Balliol, and six years later he was called to the Bar. The law, however, did not interest him seriously; before long he accepted a position in the Education Department, and in 1849 he became Secretary of the Department. This office he held for some twenty years, until, indeed, he was appointed Permanent Secretary to the Treasury. He did other good public work as Alderman on the first London County Council, and as chairman of

Mr. J. C. A. Henderson, vendor to Germany of her coal-mine in South Wales, purchased the estate he has now sold to the "English Company, Ltd.," two years ago for about a fifth of the price he has received for it. He is stated to have offered the mine to the Admiralty times without number, but without encouragement, and also to have placed it in the open market at a very moderate figure. It is reported that Mr. Henderson, who is the chairman of Henderson's Transvaal Estates, is to be one of the directors of the new company.

An attempt on the life of the Procurator of the Holy Synod was made at the Tsarskoe Selo Station on July 19 by a youth, who drew a revolver on M. Pobiedonostseff. Before the would-be assassin could fire, however, he was seized by a passenger and handed over to the police. M. Pobiedonostseff afterwards drove to the Holy Synod and back without escort.

A "SNAP"  
DIVISION?

The quaint unrealities of our party system are forcibly illustrated by the comments on the division in the House of Commons, which was within an ace of upsetting the Ministry. It is not disputed that if the Unionists had been present in sufficient numbers, this division would have gone the other way; nor is it disputed that they were lulled into false security by the artful air of weariness and indifference thrown over the debate by their opponents; nor is it contended that the Opposition objected in principle to the policy of the particular Irish Estimate under discussion. But because the Government were beaten accidentally on an issue which was no real issue, it is argued that they ought to resign, although their actual majority on a straightforward vote of no confidence remains intact. Mr. Gladstone, it is worth while to remember, was entirely opposed to this view of the consequences of an accidental defeat.

There have been wigs on the Parliamentary green. On a motion to reduce the salaries of the Irish Land Commissioners by £100, the Government were defeated by a majority of three. This

happened at midnight on Thursday, July 20, and on Friday Mr. Balfour announced that the decision of the Government in view of this crisis would be made known on the following Monday. After passing the Scottish Churches Bill through Committee, the House adjourned.

On Monday last, Mr. Balfour stated that the Government regarded their defeat as accidental, and as in no way demonstrating that they had lost the confidence of the House. He recited a long list of precedents to show that it was not constitutional practice for a Government to resign or dissolve in such circumstances.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman denied that the precedents had anything to do with the present case.

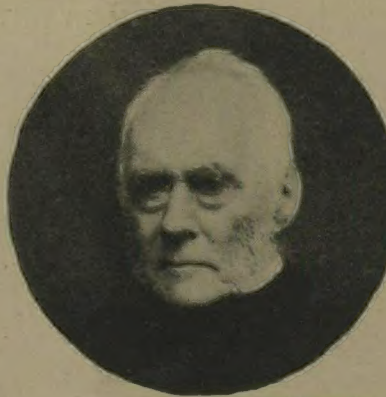
The Government had been beaten after Mr. Balfour's appeal to his party at the Foreign Office, and they had lost all moral authority both in the House and in the country. Mr. Redmondsaid that the National-



THE LATE RIGHT REV. THE HON.  
A. G. DOUGLAS,  
BISHOP OF ABERDEEN AND ORKNEY.



MR. J. C. A. HENDERSON,  
VENDOR TO GERMANY OF A WELSH  
COAL-FIELD.



THE LATE LORD LINGEN,  
FORMERLY PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE  
TREASURY.



MR. J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.,  
SERIOUSLY INJURED IN A RECENT CAR  
ACCIDENT.

the Finance Committee of that body. The barony is now extinct.

Mr. John MacWhirter, who had a thigh broken in a cab accident the other day, is sixty-three, and has been an R.A. for the past eleven years. He owes his early training to the Edinburgh School of Design, and amongst his best-known works are "The Lady of the Woods," "Lord of the Glen," "The Track of the Hurricane," "The Sleep that is Among the Lonely Hills," and "Crabbed Age and Youth." He became A.R.S.A. in 1864, A.R.A. in 1879, and H.R.S.A. in 1880.

ists would give and take no quarter, and would fight against the Government day and night; in which plan he invited the co-operation of the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. Asquith said he could not see, after Mr. Balfour's speech, what conceivable circumstances of humiliation would induce the Government to resign or dissolve. Mr. Winston Churchill accused the Prime Minister of flouting the traditions of Parliament and dishonouring the service of the Crown, and Mr. Lloyd-George declared that, unlike Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour dare not appeal to the country, and "take his punishment like a man." On the following day Mr. Churchill moved



# THE OPPOSITION'S RIGHTEOUS WRATH WITH AN OBSTINATE GOVERNMENT.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. HEGG.



## PUNGENT POINTS FROM THE OPPOSITION CRITICISMS OF MR. BALFOUR'S DECISION TO REMAIN IN OFFICE.

On July 24 Mr. Balfour announced to the House that the recent defeat of the Government could not be regarded as a vote of no confidence in the Ministry; and that he and his colleagues considered it expedient, in view of the present state of foreign affairs, that they should remain in office. The Prime Minister was fiercely criticised by the Opposition, who contrived to avoid a division by simply agreeing to the Premier's motion for adjournment. It is said that the Chief Government Whip calculated that had the House divided he could have shown a clear majority of 60. Not since Mr. Gladstone's introduction of his Home Rule Bill has the House been so crowded.





THE "BEAMER," SAND-PUMP BOAT, THAT RECOVERED THE CURIOSITIES.



REMAINS OF OLD ARMS AND UTENSILS.

Photos. G. A. Hunter.

## RELICS OF THE ARMADA ON THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

These Armada relics were recovered recently at Tobermory. On the left are a fragment of a cannon, a cannon-ball, and a pot-lid. Further to the right are other pieces of cannon and fragments of bottles, one a genuine "graybeard" with the face still visible. Fragments of two scabbards rest against a piece of a ship's hull, and below these appear an old pot and some bones.

to report progress soon after the House met; but Mr Grant Lawson, Chairman of Committees, refused to put the motion, and there was another scene.

There was a short debate in the Lords on the position of the Government, and Lord Rosebery accused Mr. Balfour of straining the spirit and structure of the Constitution.

## GERMANY AND WELSH COAL.

The purchase of a great Welsh coal-field, rumoured to be capable of producing a million tons per annum of good ship's coal, raised a storm of protest in the country. There are, of course, grave objections to Germany having such a hold on one of our great industries, but against these objections may be set the consideration that in time of war we could, without the least trouble, stop the export to Germany. The transaction is said to be private, and in no sense a Government affair. The area purchased embraces about fifteen square miles, and has not hitherto been largely worked. It is said that, some little time ago, the Whitworth field was offered to an English syndicate for £150,000, but the purchase was not completed, as the difficulties of working were considered to be so great that, even at that moderate price, the return would be inadequate. If the German syndicate is to do anything with the concern, it will have to sink shafts to a depth of probably 2000 feet, part of the way through solid rock.

## THE TSAR'S COUNTER-MOVE.

It was inevitable that the Tsar's misguided counsellors should inspire his Majesty to a counter-move against the energetic action of the

Zemstvos. The successful meeting of that body and the humorous failure of the perfunctory police protests against the assembly are now to be discounted by a revolutionary plan on the part of the Government. They propose a plébiscite on M. Bulguine's programme, and it is intended to entrap the peasant vote by subtle proposals of land grants. The Tsar is to send an aide-de-camp to every town, and this official is to summon representatives of every class,

tactics, there will be other and graver parallels to the events of 1789-93.

## THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Their journey from the Pacific coast was something of a triumph, and it was remarkable for the

The United States have left no doubt in the minds of the Japanese Plenipotentiaries as to the sincerity of their welcome. Their journey from the Pacific coast was something of a triumph, and it was remarkable for the skill with which the delegates evaded the ever-present American reporter. With that ubiquitous genius they held parley only through Baron Komura, who repeated Li-Hung-Chang's feat of interviewing the interviewer. Baron Komura's words were a marvel of discretion. The fine flower of Japanese courtesy flourished amid phrases that were beautifully non-committal as far as the war was concerned. But Baron Komura is a great sociologist, and is deeply interested in the question of municipal ownership of public undertakings. Now Mr. Dunne, the Mayor of Chicago, is an authority on this subject, and on his arrival in the great city of the West, the Baron immediately inquired for the Chief Magistrate, and told the newspaper men that he wanted to talk to Mr. Dunne not because he was interested officially in municipal ownership, but because it was a good subject on which to be enlightened. His Excellency then proceeded to show the Press representatives that his knowledge of the subject far exceeded theirs. The State of New Hampshire is desirous to pay all the expenses of entertaining the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth.

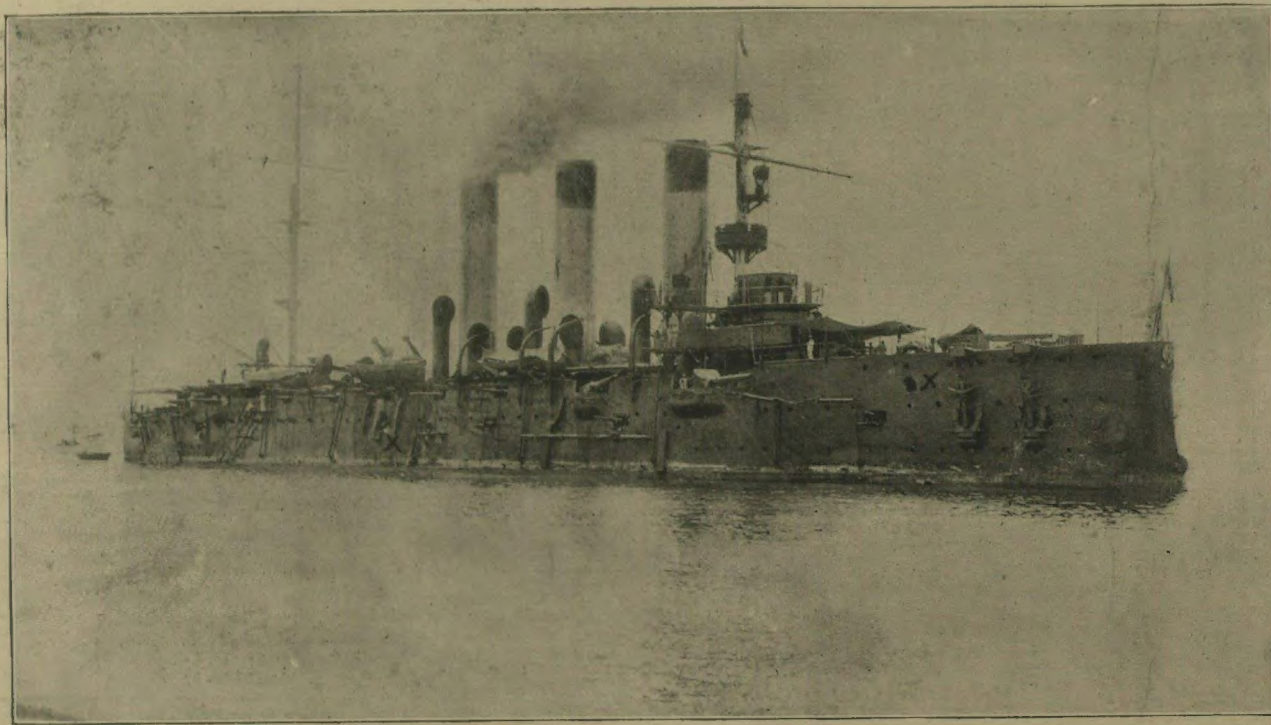


Photo. H. L. Knight.

## MORE OF TOGO'S HANDIWORK: THE DISABLED RUSSIAN CRUISER "AURORA" AT MANILA.

The "Aurora," one of the few vessels that escaped the terrible battle of the Sea of Japan, made her way to Manila, where she was interned. The "Aurora" was Admiral Engust's flag-ship. The marks of Togo's shells are indicated on the hull by crosses.

and to ask them to decide by vote whether or not they desire to elect members to the Imperial Duma on a class basis or not. At the same time, the peasants are to be informed that the Little Father in his loving-kindness is to give them more land. Last week we heard the proceedings of the revolutionary committee at Moscow likened to the Oath in the Tennis-court. If the Tsar still continues his veering

not because he was interested officially in municipal ownership, but because it was a good subject on which to be enlightened. His Excellency then proceeded to show the Press representatives that his knowledge of the subject far exceeded theirs. The State of New Hampshire is desirous to pay all the expenses of entertaining the Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth.

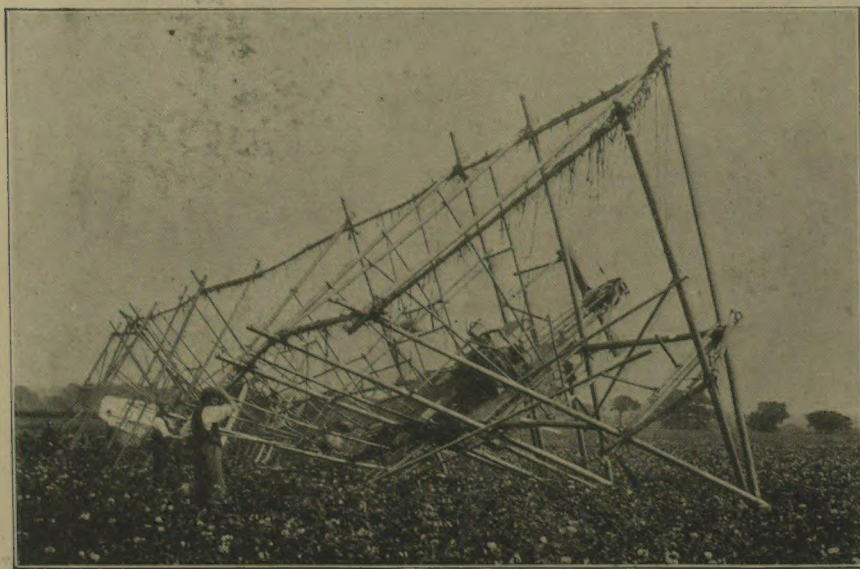


Photo. Topical Press.

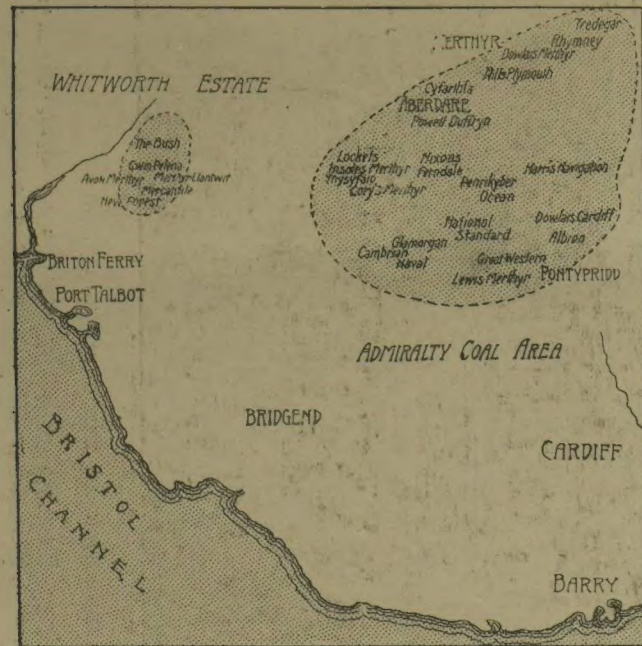
THE END OF A GREAT EXPERIMENT: THE WRECK OF THE BARTON-RAWSON AIR-SHIP. On another page we describe the voyage, and descent of the War Office air-ship. On reaching the ground at Havering, near Romford, the machine went to pieces and presented the derelict spectacle here depicted.



Photo. Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

AN ENGLISH PRINCE BECOMES A GERMAN SOVEREIGN: THE YOUNG DUKE KARL EDUARD OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA GREETED BY THE OBERBÜRGERMEISTER OF COBURG. On July 19 the young Duke, the son of the late Duke of Albany, who succeeded his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh, on the throne of the German Duchy, came of age and assumed the government.



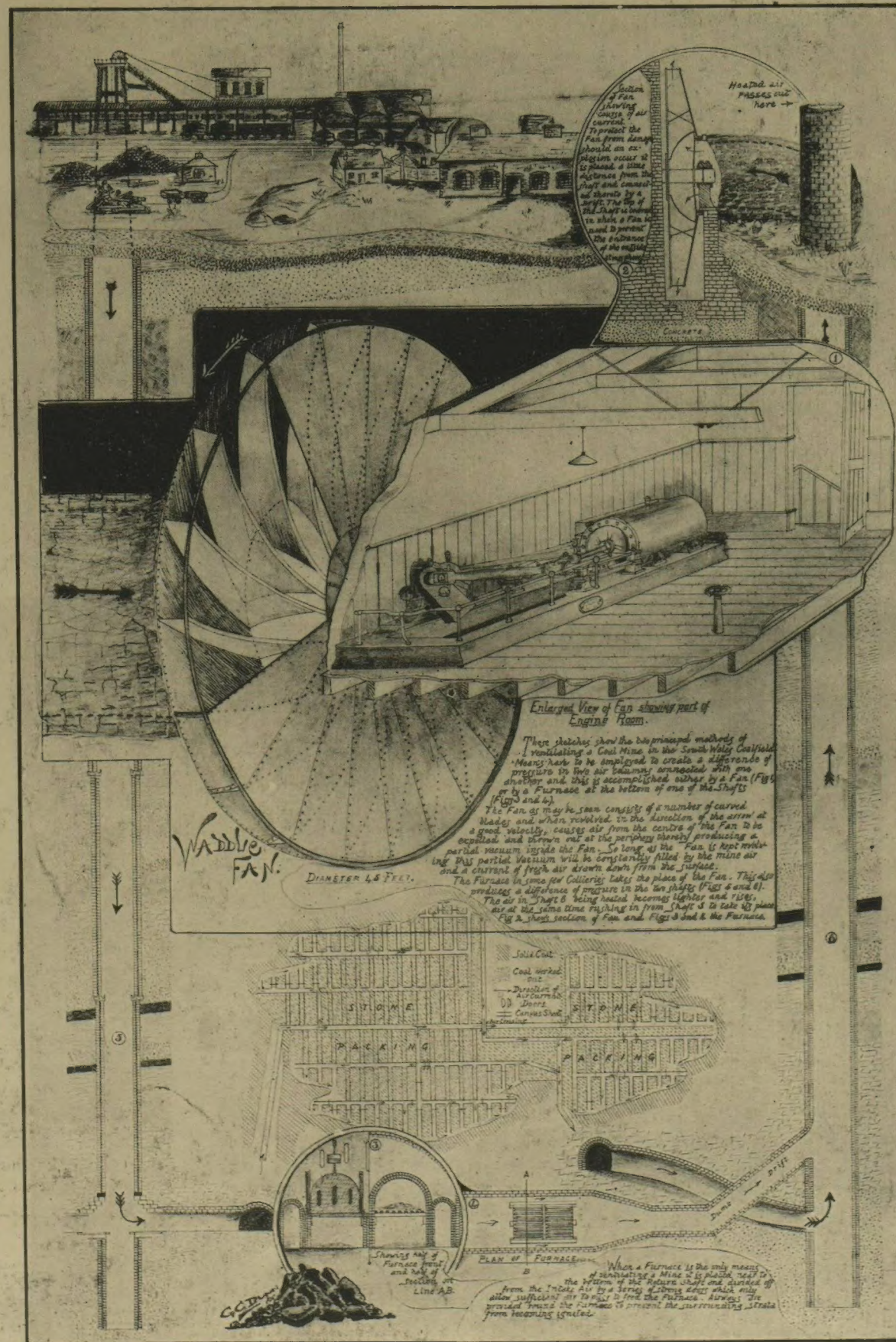


RELATIVE POSITION OF THE GERMAN PURCHASE AND THE ADMIRALTY STEAM-COAL AREA.

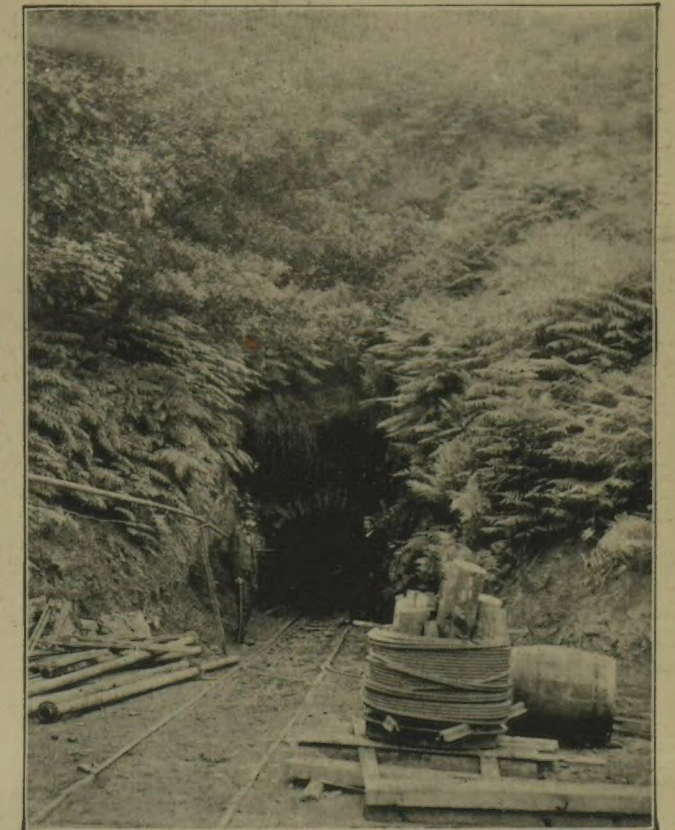
The nearest points of the two fields are about six miles apart, and the Whitworth is therefore presumably outside the best steam-coal area.



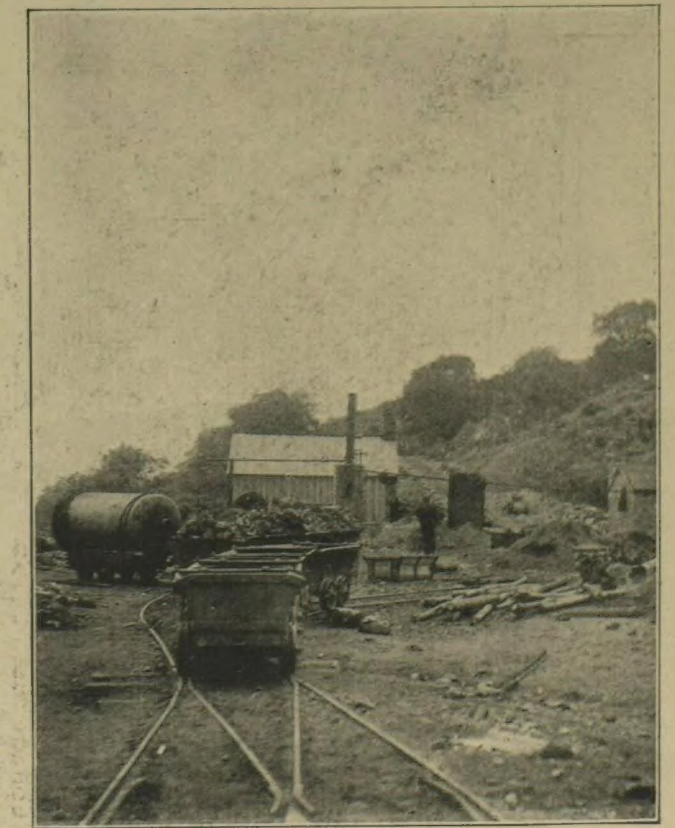
A VIEW IN THE WHITWORTH COAL-REGION.



THE VENTILATING OF SOUTH WALES COAL-PITS.



ENTRANCE TO THE BUSH COLLIERY IN THE WHITWORTH COAL-FIELD.



THE BUSH PITHEAD IN THE WHITWORTH COAL-FIELD.

The diagrams in the central design show the two principal methods of ventilating a mine in the South Wales coal-field. One is by a furnace at the bottom of a shaft, the other by a fan. The furnace, by heating the air, causes a current to flow up one of the shafts, and consequently, fresh air flows down the other. The fan, by creating a vacuum near its centre, causes the air to flow out from its periphery, and thus sets up a circulation throughout the mine. The diagrams are by Mr. G. C. Dunn, the map by Mr. J. M. Sanforth, and the photographs by Taylor.



# A COUNTERBLAST TO THE JERRY BUILDER: THE CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITION.

Drawings by A. HUGH FISHER.

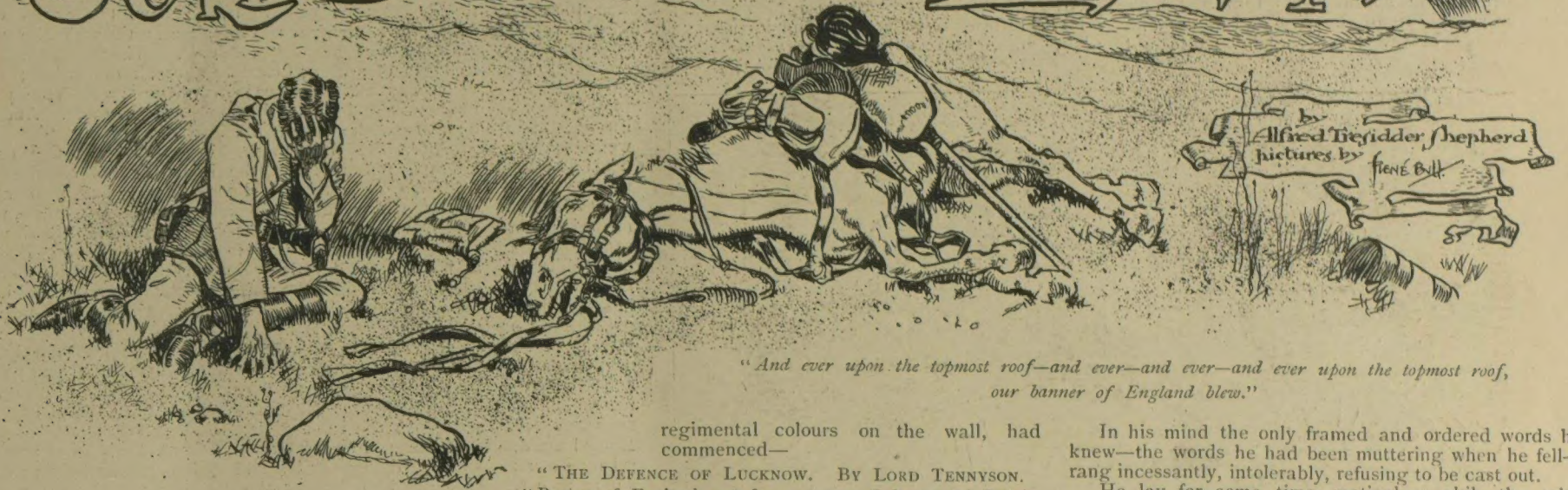


## BEAUTIFUL AND INEXPENSIVE HOMES IN THE COUNTRY: THE CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITION AT THE GARDEN CITY.

On a site granted by the Garden City, Limited, at Letchworth, not far from Hitchin in Hertfordshire, the Duke of Devonshire, on July 25, opened a wonderful exhibition of cheap cottages which show what marvels of taste and convenience can be achieved by the trained architect for a comparatively trifling cost. The buildings here figured form the most effective possible criticism of the horrible arrangements in bricks and mortar with which Jeremy the Builder has been permitted to make the outskirts of London an abomination of desolation.



# OUR BANNER OF ENGLAND



"And ever upon the topmost roof—and ever—and ever—and ever upon the topmost roof, our banner of England blew."

regimental colours on the wall, had commenced—

"THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW. BY LORD TENNYSON.  
"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,  
hast thou  
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!  
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd  
thee on high  
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow,  
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised  
thee anew,  
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

He warmed to his work always as the poem progressed. At each mention of the banner the stiff arm jerked out towards the colours. It jerked to the roof for the heights of the mosque and the palace; it jerked to the right for the Water-gate; to the left for the Bailey-gate; to the ground, with a long sweeping movement, for mine and counter-mine. His voice grew to a shout as he proceeded. His hand, flung out, was the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with tears.

"Dance to the pibroch!—saved! We are saved! Is it you? Is it you?"

he cried, pointing from officer to officer as the poem rose to its climax of excitement, quite unconscious, in his earnestness, of the good-humoured merriment that shook the white fronts and scarlet mess-jackets.

"Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!"

"Hold it for fifteen days! we have held it for eighty-seven! And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew."

Amid a clamour of bravos he would sidle to his seat, blushing again, and with a modest glow of satisfaction at his heart. Not for the world would his messmates, clapping him on the back and shoulders as he passed, have let him think that his was the humorous element in the entertainment.

Scanning the range at sunset for the enemy, the refrain had flashed suddenly across his mind. Over all this wide countryside our banner of England would soon unshake its folds. There was no sign of pursuit,

In his mind the only framed and ordered words he knew—the words he had been muttering when he fell—rang incessantly, intolerably, refusing to be cast out.

He lay for some time motionless while the veldt darkened. He was badly injured. Darkness had blotted out his men. At last, very painfully, he dragged himself towards the body of his horse. It was stoned-dead; dead, without bullet-wound (as he at first suspected); killed with scant rations and hard riding.

What should he do? Confound that everlasting jingle! he wanted his head now for clear thinking. Someone had read him Mark Twain's "Punch, brothers" story: like the buff-trip and pink-trip slips this line of Tennyson's seemed to have fixed itself on his mind, and barred the entrance against all else. What should he do? Somewhere behind the dark range which he had climbed, the enemy was hidden. Somewhere among the hills in front, his men were halting for a few hours' rest. They had ridden hard and far, a handful in dangerous country, hurrying to join the British column. Rations had run short; on a biscuit apiece, a few mouthfuls of brown, stagnant water, they had ridden the sun down the heavens, and would lie dog-tired until reveillé, at early daybreak.

The silence was so profound, that he feared to break it by shouting. His cry might carry to his friends—it might carry to the foes behind, and bring them in swift, stealthy pursuit. No doubt they would soon miss him at the camp. Not yet, perhaps; they knew that he had ridden off to bring last news of the sunlit world; but by-and-by, when the scanty meal had been spun out to its furthest limit, when pipes had been lit, when, here and there, men began to curl up and sleep, someone would wonder; and someone would grumble; and others would listen for the soft pad of horse-hoofs which never came. By-and-by, no doubt, a few men, swearing under their breath, would swing stiff limbs into creaking saddles, and ride out. Without lights (and a lantern on the veldt might bring their foes swarming like moths to flame) their quest must be hopeless.

He tried to crawl towards the hills. Clutching the coarse grass, he dragged himself on wearily, foot

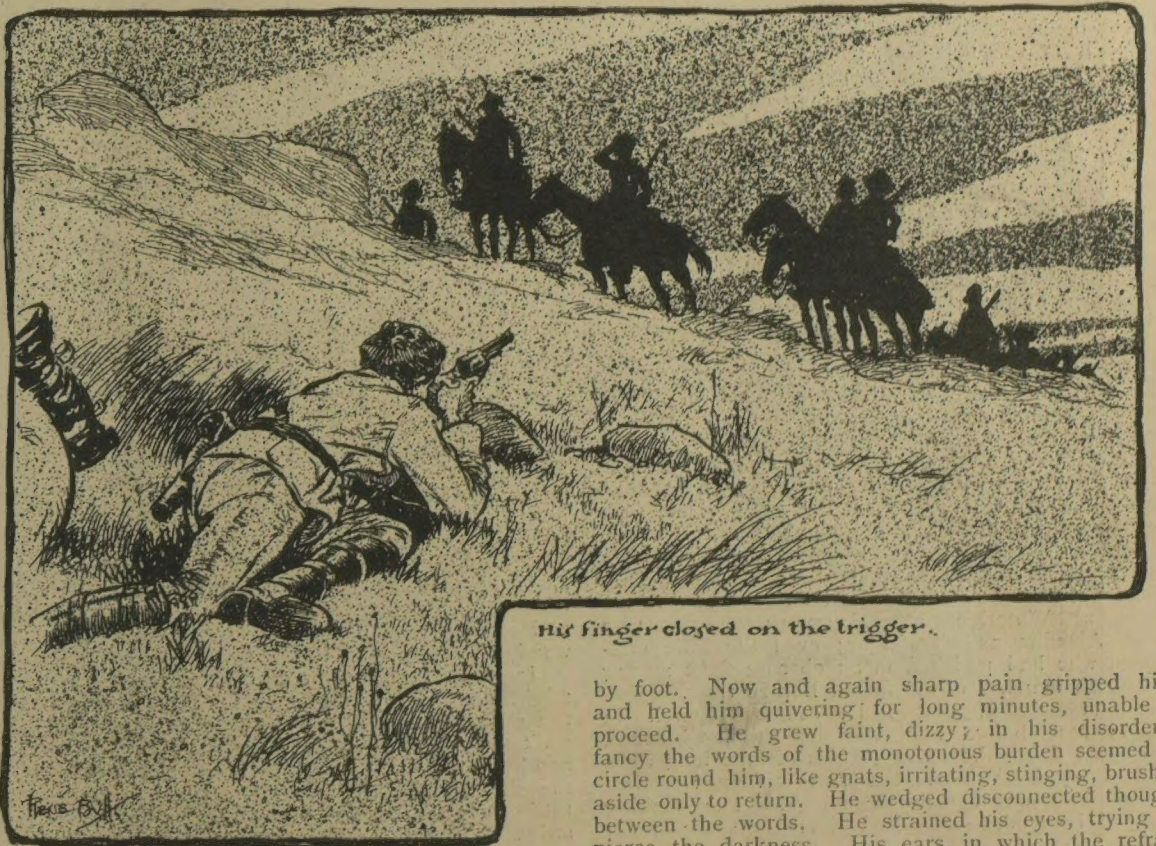
WOULD the jingle never cease? Would it buzz in his ears, throb in his throbbing brain, run like an under-current to his thoughts, for ever? Captain Turberville pressed his hands to his aching head. It had gone on now for—hours, was it? or centuries? this perpetual reiteration of the



—a sentry heard the report.

hackneyed, weary strain. "And ever—and ever—and ever." O God!

Night was just falling, African night, swift pursuer on the heels of day, when sky and veldt swung round him, the mountains leapt and fell, and he crashed over the body of his dead horse into unconsciousness. The glowing range, like hills of bronze lit with interior fire, over which his eyes had glanced rapidly for traces of an enemy, had brought the poem to his mind. "The Defence of Lucknow, by Lord Tennyson"—how often the announcement had been greeted with volleys of applause, hoarse cries of "Hear! Hear!" and friendly, half-checked laughter. It was his one recitation. He had learnt it in boyhood; an arduous, self-imposed task, mastered in secret, and delivered on his father's birthday, in honour of the culminating hour of the grey old soldier's life. How many happy family gatherings had listened to it since then? How often, at sing-songs after mess, had he been pushed forward, protesting that he knew only this; that it had been given so often; that everyone knew it by heart as well as he—until at last, blushing like a girl, and unable to refuse any longer, he had clicked heels together, straightened himself, and, pointing stiffly at the



His finger closed on the trigger.

though the foe was in force not many miles away; and he rode loose-reined after his men, now a dull patch, like the shadow of a swiftly moving cloud, on the brown, darkening veldt. Suddenly his horse, worn out with hunger and hard service, dropped under him; he crashed forward; and came to his senses when the red eye of the sun had closed on the horizon.

by foot. Now and again sharp pain gripped him, and held him quivering for long minutes, unable to proceed. He grew faint, dizzy, in his disordered fancy the words of the monotonous burden seemed to circle round him, like gnats, irritating, stinging, brushed aside only to return. He wedged disconnected thought between the words. He strained his eyes, trying to pierce the darkness. His ears, in which the refrain droned on like the voice of the sea in empty shells, listened vainly for the soft patter of the hoofs.

"And ever—and ever—and ever—" Oh! would this jingle never cease? He pressed his hands to his head, and drew them down again, suddenly, wondering. They were wet; he knew at once with blood. He must have struck a stone or rock when he fell; and now blood was welling from the wound. He



tried, ineffectually, to bandage it and stop the flow. Should he cry for help? By his own order the men had ridden silently, for fear of capture or attack. Yet his eyes had seen no signs of enemies among the sunlit hills just before he fell. He clenched his teeth, and tried to struggle on. The lives of two-score men might hang upon his silence.

His silence? As time passed and the ink-black hills still seemed as far distant, the dull possibilities of never-broken silence dawned upon him. Unless help came—and came speedily—his torn and broken body must be silent dust of the vast and silent veldt. His strength was ebbing. His dry lips longed for water; but,

reflecting the white bastions of these cities, ran the seas which washed the homeland shores.

"And ever—and ever—upon the topmost roof—our banner"—the strain kept time now to the rattle and roar of train wheels, taking him back, in thought, to the port at which they had landed a few months since. It throbbed with the pulsing engines of the transport; it joined with the scamper and mutter and dying laughter of waves heard at night, in his cabin, as they washed and broke against the vessel. Pictures of his life at home rose before him; broken pictures, little scenes detached and inconsequent, like the pieces of a child's puzzle not yet fitted into place; scenes from his life at Wellington, at Sandhurst; his wedding day; children's parties; a quiet Sunday morning; a ramble with his children in country lanes.

Where were they now, his wife and children? It was summer in England, glorious summer. Wild roses and honeysuckle were in the hedges; poppies flamed among rolling fields of wheat and oats and barley. Lying there on the dark veldt, knowing that

lonely and still, with the life that friendly hands could hold ebbing fast from the open wound? After all, there were equal chances about the enemy being near: if he cried for help his men would ride swiftly enough to the rescue; he was risking his life—giving his life—for a scruple. He sat up with intense difficulty; painful cramps racked his limbs; a cry was on his lips—he checked himself suddenly. What was that?

The moon was struggling now through a film of cloud. By its thin light, he saw, ten yards or so away, a horseman riding silently through the night. Another and another followed. There was scarcely a jingle of stirrup, scarcely a creak of leather; not a voice was raised, even in a whisper; even the pad of hoofs was muffled in the long, coarse grass. And they came from the hostile hills.

After the first three, they rode past five or six abreast, not noticing the black figures on the dark veldt so near them. Foes, these; but men at all events who would help a fallen enemy—who would give him water, and check the pulsing blood which was carrying him away from hope of seeing England and those he loved again. He was on the point of calling for aid when he suddenly remembered. If they saw him, they must know at once how near his men were. And if not?

Scores upon score passed by. Riding silently like this, they would come suddenly upon the camp; kill the sentries, perhaps; certainly, so feebly the light glimmered, they must overwhelm the little troop now resting in the hills.

Picture a sailor on a raft at sea, thirst-parched, hungry, dying—and a sail which means help in sight. Imagine him letting the friendly vessel pass without hail. Turberville dug his nails in the soil, grappled the roots of grass, pressed his face, covered now with blood, to the ground, fighting with the cry that was welling from his heart. O England! O home! O dear ones! "And ever, upon the topmost roof—our banner of England blew." That cry, the voice of duty, as he understood it, rang louder in his ears.

And then, suddenly, a man, sharper-eyed or more observant than the rest, saw the two darker patches—dead horse and dying man—on the dark veldt. He checked his horse abruptly.

Turberville, with a spasmodic effort, drew his revolver; perhaps he should have done this earlier to warn his friends. He beat back the last frantic impulse to save his ebbing life. His finger closed on the trigger. The sharp report echoed among the hills; the bullet sped aimlessly; the next second a volley rattled out. . . .

Far away, a drowsy sentry heard the report, saw the flashes cleaving the night, and the figures of men and horses springing suddenly out of darkness. Three minutes later, two-score men were riding, *ventre à terre*, into the fastnesses of the hills, and, a mile or so further on, lay ambushed for the coming foes. . . .

Far away—far, far away, beyond the rolling leagues



"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

looking forward to the halting-place, he had drained his bottle just before he fell. Unless help came—

He lay still, powerless to move another yard towards safety. Black night seemed to hold the spirits of men slain. He thought of the march of terrible ages when the white man's foot had never trodden the ground on which he lay; of savage wars, and human holocausts offered to fierce, implacable gods. His mind went back month after month. He remembered comrades slaughtered in battle, falling, with faces suddenly white, suddenly frozen into types of agony, of terror, of surprise—like the stone faces of dying warriors he had seen once on the walls of the Arsenal at Berlin. Strange, that men should perpetuate such horrors, and place them for the eyes of sight-seers in a gay capital—unless to inspire them with hatred of this brutal business of war. The strain of the last few months had told upon his nerves. If some of these people at home could be dragged out to see what he had seen—these householders, to see the widows and orphans their money had paid to make; these flag-waving lunatics who swarmed the public-houses, loud-tongued and vulgar, to see the heaps of quiet, cold bodies of the dead; these legislators and officials, in their noiseless, carpeted offices, to see lads young enough to be their grandsons roused suddenly from hard-won sleep by the hissing bullet or thrusting bayonet, shrieking with eyeless sockets, shattered limbs, mangled bodies, for their mothers, coughing and vomiting blood—these lads who might have been working quietly in the fields of dear old England, loving, courting in the leafy lanes, marrying, bringing up children who at last might close their eyes when death "a summer night descending, cool and green," fell on the peaceful evening of their days—these lads whom they had sent with a pen-stroke to slay or be slain!

Surely the world was wide enough, and empty enough as yet, for men to live in it as brothers. Miles upon miles of park and deer-forest and preserves kept for sporting and pleasure in our own land; countless miles of bush, and prairie, of rich jungle, and forest, in the countries overseas; and we must pack our hundreds of thousands into vessels, and send them thousands of weary leagues to shoot and stab and ravage for this veldt, these hills, and that earth-hidden gold.

He tried to thrust these thoughts from him. What would his stiff old father have said to the barest hint of such treason against the service which claimed them both? What would his ancestors and kin have said—those men who lay under the soil of a score of countries, under the waters of the seven seas? He thought of the tablets in the ancient church at home, the tablets he had eyed so often through dreary sermons; they had given their lives for our banner of England, the men who fell at Salamanca, at Torres Vedras, at Waterloo, at Inkerman; the men who fell at Aboukir and Trafalgar; even the little midshipman who had perished in an obscure fight among the feverish marshes of the far-off Borneo river.

The memory of that little country church in England rose before him, with its shining bronzes, its tattered flags, the silent effigies of men long dead who had borne his name, the ivy that tapped against the windows on summer evenings. The sinking misery of home-sickness seized him; the sense of the immense distances of this dark Africa shutting him in grew intolerable; these countless miles of veldt to the south, of veldt and desert and unknown jungle to the north—the native villages, the wandering tribes, the iron mountains, the white-walled towns, with the mosques of a strange creed thronged with worshippers, and the streets teeming and clamorous with men of alien races and alien tongues. But beyond the veldt, beyond the great expanses to the north,

death must come if help were long delayed, he thought of the little sea-side town far away, where they were staying. How had they spent this day, while he, half-starved, ragged, sick of the whole business of war, had been riding with his men through the hills where death was lurking? Early in the morning, with the first song of the birds, the children would be astir. He had stayed often, in summers past, at that little rose-twined cottage on the cliffs: you could hear the murmur of the sea, and watch the reflected dazzle of the waves gleaming on the bedroom walls. Quite early, Dick's stubby, freckled little nose would be pressed against the pane to see if white horses flecked the blue distance. Then would come the shrill call to Ethel, and the patter of bare feet as she crept in, in her little frilled nightgown, to lean out with him, and gulp in the pure morning air, and talk sagely about the prospects of the day. Ten minutes later—Dick having helped to adjust strings and tapes, in some queer, wise fashion of his own—they would race together down the parade, scramble over the slippery rocks, stir up the little feathery anemones, green and brown and pink, in the tiny pools; and come back again with glowing cheeks and bright eyes to meet their mother at the breakfast-table.

Then there would be the long morning on the sands, bathing, paddling (he pictured Ethel, with her white sun-bonnet like a flower on the sunny little head, and her petticoats tucked up into the queerest bundle), playing cricket, perhaps, with other children, and flying now and then, like small birds to the nest, for the buns and fruit doled out by their mother from the deck-chair where, working and reading, she kept an ever-watchful eye upon their wanderings.

In the afternoon, washed and brushed-up, they might go to the pier or walk on the downs or among the cornfields with her; in the evening, another little walk before bed-time in the pleasant country; or another hour or two on the sands; and then at last the slipping off of shoes from tired little feet, the rattle of sand and tiny pebbles, the hanging up of strips of brown, weather-telling seaweed; and gentle sleep rounding the happy day.

Ah, he could almost hear the murmur of the sea; could almost smell the weed and sands; could almost see his wife bending over the children's cots—putting her face, which had not quite lost the curves and dimples of girlhood yet, to their round and sun-browned cheeks.

Were they thinking of him, too? talking about him? wondering what he was doing, while he lay



Dead horse and dying man.

of Africa, beyond the rolling miles of ocean, a lady and two children were on the sands of a little seaside town. Night was falling, but had not fallen; the rosy glow of sunset lay on land and sea. From the rim of the darkening water lightships winked towards the land; silvery lights began to twinkle from the pier, crawling on its long black spider-legs towards the vacant sea.

"Bedtime, Dick," the lady said. "Come along, children."

"Let me just finish this castle, mother," Dick pleaded. "Hurry up, Ethel. Look, mother, look! There's the flag on top!"

He sprang aside, and, jerking a stiff, sturdy little arm towards it, declaimed—

"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

"Doesn't he say it just like daddy, mother?" piped Ethel shrilly.

"Just like daddy, dear. Now the castle's finished, Dick. Furl the flag up again, there's a good little son." She shivered, though it was warm summer. "It's bedtime, children. Come along home."

THE END.





## SPORTING EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

AUTOMOBILISM AND TENNIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMERON & CO., TOPICAL PRESS, AND RUSSELL.



1. THE WINNER OF THE FLYING KILOMÈTRE FOR MOTOR-CYCLES: M. HENRI CISSAC. TIME, 27 AND 2-5 SECONDS; SONCIN ENGINE.

3 A MOTOR-CAR COMPETITOR AGAINST THE MOTOR-CYCLE: MR. J. E. HUTTON ON HIS 120-H.P. MERCEDES.

2. MOTOR-CYCLE AGAINST MOTOR-CAR: STARTING MR. H. RIGNOLD ON A 14-H.P. PEUGEOT MOTOR-CYCLE AGAINST MR. LEE GUINNESS ON A 100-H.P. DARRACQ. GUINNESS WON.

4. THE WINNER OF THE MEASURED KILOMÈTRE: MR. CLIFFORD EARP ON HIS NAPIER.

### THE BRIGHTON MOTOR MEETING: WINNERS OF OUTSTANDING EVENTS.

5. THE AMERICAN TEAM: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) H. WARD, B. C. WRIGHT, P. J. DASHIELL (CAPTAIN), W. A. LARNED, W. J. CLOTHIER.

6. BRITISH ISLES TEAM: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) H. L. DOHERTY, F. L. RISELEY, S. H. SMITH, W. H. COLLINS, AND R. F. DOHERTY.

### INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS: THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TEAMS AT WIMBLEDON.

The Brighton motor-races were held on the last four days of last week. A series of tennis matches between the British Isles and American teams was begun at the All-England Club, Wimbledon, on July 21. The chief event was the competition for the International (Davis) Cup. In the result, the cup remains with England. It was presented in 1899 by Dwight F. Davis, and has been competed for five times. America won in 1900 and 1902, the British Isles in 1903, 1904, and 1905. In 1901 there was no competition.





THE SCENE OF THE SULTAN'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION: HIS MAJESTY QUITTING THE MOSQUE AFTER THE CEREMONY OF SELAMLIK.

*Selamlık, from "Selam" = "salutation," means simply the Sultan's public appearance to his people. This, from immemorial custom, has taken place on his Majesty's proceeding to the usual Friday midday prayers at the Mosque at Constantinople. It is most scrupulously observed by Abdul Hamid, because his failure to show himself on this day would give rise to rumours of his illness or death, and to consequent political complications.*



THE ROYAL SPECTATOR OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES: THE KING AT SANDOWN PARK.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SANDOWN.

*A brilliant assemblage surrounded his Majesty at Sandown on the occasion of the Eclipse Stakes for 1905. The weather was perfect and the sport splendid. Lord Rosebery's Cicero, the favourite, was beaten by M. Blanc's Val d'Or. The betting was 13 to 8 on Cicero and 3 to 1 against Val d'Or.*



THREATENED MEN LIVE LONG: THE SULTAN'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY, COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL, WHO HAS PROVED HIS PERSONAL COURAGE DURING THE RECENT ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.

*On July 21, while the Sultan was leaving the Mosque at Constantinople, where he had been observing the weekly ceremony of Selamlık, a bomb was exploded behind the railings on the lower side of the courtyard. The report was heard all over Constantinople. Fifteen carriages were blown to pieces, about thirty persons were killed, and a hundred were injured. Fifty horses were also killed. The Sultan was immediately surrounded by his officials, who drew their swords, fearing a further attack, but his Majesty waved them all aside and insisted on entering his carriage and driving back to the Palace as if nothing had happened. At the same time, his Majesty personally gave orders for the removal of the dead and the care of the wounded.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## ABOUT FOOD AND FEEDING.

If there is any one topic which at the present time exhibits a high development of the "faddist" principle, it will be found in the shape of our feeding arrangements. I am advised by one section of "food reformers" (so called) to abjure all flesh foods. I am recommended to subsist on vegetable foods alone. Some vegetarians add milk, eggs, and cheese to their diet, but as these last do not grow on trees, it is difficult to discover any adequate reason why they should call themselves by the name of vegetarians, any more than does the man who patronises the fishmonger or the butcher. I find others who, dissociating themselves from the ordinary vegetarian body, tell us that happiness in life is only possible if we live on nuts, starch, which figures in one vegetarian régime as it does in sensible food-practices as a valuable food, is regarded as unwholesome.

Meat food is considered by one authority as injurious—let me be fair and say that the opinion thus expressed has reference to what is called the increased consumption of flesh diet. Side by side, we have another authority telling us that if flesh foods in due proportions are not consumed by the young, especially between the ages of five and fifteen years, we will find ample evidence of deterioration arising from under-nutrition. This last I can well believe, because in the building up of the body, flesh foods—by which I mean nitrogenous diet—are of exceeding importance. The fact is that vegetarian diets will not and cannot supply us with such foods in quantities of easily digested nature. Regarding the food question, it would hardly seem that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. For my part, I think the multiplicity of opinions appears to make for absolute confusion.

Happily, we have always at hand a Court of Appeal. This is the common experience of mankind. True, you cannot lay down laws for feeding (or for anything else in life) which will suit everybody; but there is a general consensus of opinion (and experience) which the wise man will regard as his guide in preference to the passing fashions of the hour and the day. Such experience is writ large in the pages of our text-books, and represents an enormous amount of information culled from all the sources which science has at her disposal. Our bodies, to begin with, are composed of nitrogenous and of non-nitrogenous substances, and it is clear that both classes of foods are required for the due support of our frames. Now, the real question at issue is how the requisite combination of these foods can be most cheaply and satisfactorily obtained. My opinion is that, given a limitation of flesh foods—not a cessation of them—our ordinary diet, representing the results of experience, is all that we require. I admit fully, because there is evidence to that effect, that we are inclined to consume a larger amount of meats than is necessary, but this fact does not imply that meats are of no value. Contrariwise, unless all the evidence is wrong, flesh-foods give us our nitrogenous matter in a form in which, if it costs us dear, is at least easily assimilated, and this last is no undesirable feature in a food.

One very notorious mistake with which I frequently come in collision is that of people who will persist in arguing that the diet suitable for, say, a gouty person is that adapted for a man in the enjoyment of perfect health. The fallacy here is obvious, of course, but healthy people are lectured and hectored to-day about living "the simple life," on the basis that this mode of existence demands the rejection of foods which suit them perfectly as normal units. I can well understand the case of a man who is the victim of uric acid rejoicing in his freedom from symptoms when he has changed his diet on the advice of his doctor. I can appreciate, similarly, the case of the other man, who developing obesity, reduces his "too, too solid flesh," by attention to diet and exercise. But, naturally, being neither a sufferer from incipient gout nor from threatened corpulency, I object to my friends' advising me to adopt the mode of life which has benefited them. This is arguing from particulars to universals with a vengeance indeed.

But of one thing we may all be certain—namely, that there has been a decided increase in the consumption, not only of meat foods, but, as an authority informs us, also of confectionery and sweets, within the last half-century. Within fifty years, it is contended, on the evidence of statistics, we have had a tremendous change of diet. What this has implied to the public health is a matter for further discussion. I do not know that anybody is quite capable, at present, of affording any reliable information regarding the latter point. Figures are quoted to show that in 1853 the amount of imported meat equalled 3 lb. per head per annum. In 1903 the amount was 50 lb. per head per annum. Deducting for increase of population, of course, there is yet a considerable balance to be accounted for. We are also told that much land has been given up for purposes of cultivation, and is now devoted to feeding cattle and sheep, and this fact is held to support the idea of our increased consumption of home-fed beef and mutton. In 1873 a table shows us that between twelve and thirteen million acres were under pasture. In 1903, nearly seventeen million acres were devoted to feeding-purposes. The corn-crop land diminished from nearly ten million acres in 1873 to seven million acres in 1903.

Tea-consumption increased from 2½ lb. per head in 1853 to 7 lb. per head in 1903. Coffee-consumption sank, after a rise of over 5 lb. in 1873, to 3 lb. in 1903. What these figures mean there is no telling. They will have to be checked *quid* increase of population. Theorists will tell us that increased meat-consumption is the cause of, say, cancer. The wise man will wait for corrected results. I wish the cocoa-statistics had been given. Happily they would have shown an increase, for cocoa is a true food and tea is no food at all.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

J C (Brixton)—(1) We have not got the solutions you require at hand. (2) Any correct solutions that reach us are duly acknowledged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3181 and 3182 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3188 from Thakur Hari Singh (Pratapnagar, India); of No. 3190 from George Devey Farmer, M.D. (Ancaster, Ontario); of No. 3191 from C Field, Jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3192 from Roger S (Hanley), F B Smith (Rochdale), D Newton (Lisbon), Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), F K Pickering (Forest Hill), and C E Perugini; of No. 3193 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E Perugini, Albert Wolff (Putney), F B Smith (Rochdale), T Roberts, Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham), Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), A S Brown (Paisley), Roger S (Hanley), Hereward, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T R Knox (Lisnakea), H A Sims (Stockwell), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A G Bagot (Dublin), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and E G Rodway (Trowbridge).

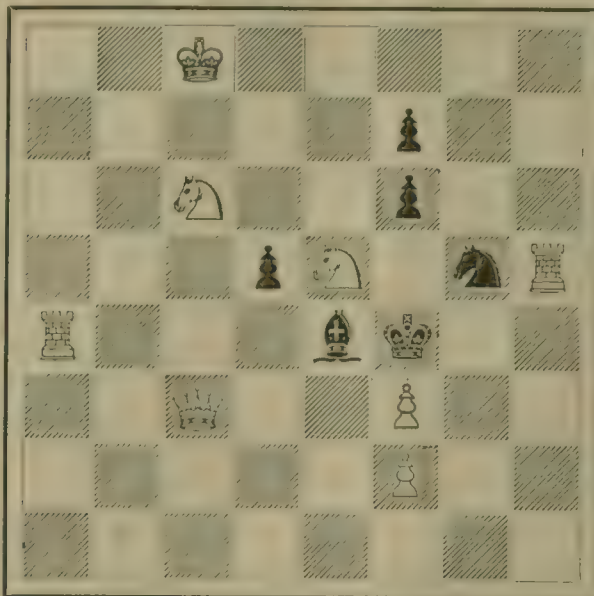
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3194 received from Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), W Hopkinson (Derby), T Roberts, A A Dawson (Liverpool), Shadforth, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sorrento, F Henderson (Leeds), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Sconic, and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3193.—By Mrs W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.  
1. Kt to B 5th  
2. Mates.

BLACK.  
Any move.

PROBLEM No. 3196.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves

CHESS AT OSTEND.  
Game played in the International Tournament between  
Messrs. MAROCZY and BLACKBURNE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	immediately prepares a counter-attack as the most efficient defence.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Q to Kt 2nd	R to B 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th	24. Q to Kt 2nd	R (at K sq) to K B sq
A defence introduced by Mr. Bird, but condemned as unsound by most authorities. Black, however, has used it on other occasions.		25. B to Q 2nd	R takes B P
4. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	Taking up the challenge in excellent style, with a reminiscence of the Englishman's best form. White's masterly play alone saves him.	
5. Castles	P to K Kt 3rd	26. B takes R	R takes B
6. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	27. B to K 3rd	R to B 2nd
7. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	28. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 6th
8. B to Q 2nd	Castles	29. P takes P	P takes P
9. P takes P	P to Q 4th	30. Q to B 3rd	B to B sq
10. B to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	31. R to Q B sq	Q to K Kt 3rd
11. B to R 4th	P to K B 4th	32. Q to B 8th	K to R 2nd
12. B to B 2nd	P to B 6th		
13. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Kt 4th		
14. Kt takes P	P to Kt 4th		
15. Q to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th		
16. Q to K 3rd	B takes Kt		
17. P takes B	Kt to Kt 3rd		
Black has managed his attack very well, and his position at present is the more comfortable of the two.		33. R to B 7th	B to Q 3rd
18. K to R sq	Kt to R 5th	34. R takes Q Kt P	B takes R
19. B to R sq	Q to B 3rd	35. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
20. R to K Kt sq	P to K R 3rd	36. R P takes B	Q to R 4th (ch)
21. R to Kt 3rd	Q R to K sq	37. K to Kt 2nd	P to Kt 5th
22. Q to Q 2nd	Q to K 3rd	38. Q to Kt 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
23. P to Kt 4th		39. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to B 4th
Not the least interesting feature of this game is White's resourcefulness. He has now made his King fairly safe, and		40. Q takes K R P	Q takes Q
		41. B takes Q	Kt takes P
		Black resigned twenty moves later, but the interest finishes here.	

Another Game in the Tournament between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and LEONHARDT.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. P to Q B 4th	Q to Q 6th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	A highly interesting position with at worst a draw for Black, but with every chance of victory.	
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	26. Kt to Q 5th	
5. Castles	Kt to Kt 4th	The sequel shows this move ought to have been lost. As far as we can see Q to B 2nd was the reply.	
6. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	27. Q to Q 2nd	Q takes Kt P
7. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	28. Q to R 6th	Q takes B P
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	29. Q takes R P (ch)	B to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to B sq	Kt to K sq	30. Kt to K 7th	K takes Kt
10. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	A mistake, made under pressure of time, which is fatal. B takes P forces a pretty win. After this escape White leaves nothing to chance.	
11. P to B 3rd	Kt takes B	31. Q takes B (ch)	Q to R 2nd
12. P takes Kt	B to Kt 2nd	32. Q to R 6th	P to B 5th
13. P takes Kt	P to K B 3rd	33. P to B 4th	P takes P
14. P to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd	34. Q takes P	K to B sq
15. B to R 6th	Kt to Kt 3rd	35. R to K B sq	R to Kt 2nd
16. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q B 4th	36. P to K 5th	K to Kt 3rd
Although the opening presents no notable advantage to either side, we should regard White—especially in the hands of its present player—as being more likely to score from such a position.		37. P takes P (ch)	K to R 2nd
17. P takes B	P takes P	38. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Kt sq
18. Kt (Q 2) to B sq	Q to B 2nd	39. Kt to B 5th	Resigns.
19. B takes Kt	K takes B		
20. Kt to K 3rd	K R to Q sq		
21. Q to K 2nd	K to B 2nd		
22. Q R to Q sq	R takes R		
23. R takes R	R to Q sq		

After an exciting struggle, continued to the very last round, the result of the Ostend Tournament was as follows: 1. Maroczy, 10½ points; 2. Janowsky and Tarrasch, 18 points; 3. Schlechter, 15½ points; 4. Marco and Taubenhaus, 17 points. The special prizes are awarded to Janowsky for his game against Tarrasch, and to Blackburne for his game against Marshall. The noteworthy features of the contest are Marshall's failure to figure in the prize list, and to Leonhardt's creditable first appearance in such a contest. There was an undue proportion of draws throughout, and brilliant games are comparatively few, looking at the variety of masters represented.

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## THE EGYPTIANS IN SINAI.

BY PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE.

Far back in prehistoric times the savage who wandered over the wild desert mountains of Sinai picked up little scraps of sky-blue stone which pleased his fancy. These were doubtless preserved by being stuck into holes in his weapons and objects of wood, as the Bedawin do now; and these decorated things were traded over into Egypt. The prehistoric man of Egypt demanded more, and a trade in turquoise sprang up, and provided the turquoise beads which were treasured for necklaces in the Nile Valley about eight thousand years ago. The primitive workers doubtless extracted the stones from the sandstone rock by means of the flint-scrapers, such as are found by hundreds in the old mine-heaps. When Egypt passed into a settled form of unified government, under the dynasties, the early kings would not leave this supply of jewels unclaimed. So in Sinai, as far back as about 4500 B.C., there are figures of the Egyptian king smiting the natives, and of the general who headed the expedition (Fig. 14). These are the oldest sculptures known. Several such scenes of triumph were carved by later kings, especially those of the pyramid period, as Seneferu, about 4000 B.C. (Figs. 16, 10). The ancient Egyptians worked large caves in the sandstone rock (Fig. 6), along the lines of the turquoise-beds, to extract the little nodules of brown sand which coat the sought-for stone. They broke up the rock with large hammers of basalt (Fig. 18), which are found scattered in all their old mine-heaps. These workings are at about five days' journey from Suez, in the midst of a desert bare of food and water.

In ancient times every place had its deity, and especially such a region as the mines, where all success depended on mysterious chance. If you wished to succeed in your search for these little blue specks amid the masses of rock, you must begin by propitiating the goddess of the turquoise. A cave in the top of the rock over the mines was cut out for a shrine, and here the goddess Hat-hor of Mafkat (turquoise) was worshipped by all miners who came there. To get the guidance of the goddess, no doubt dreams were the favourite mode, as was commonly the custom in Syria. And accordingly we find dozens of shelters on the top of the hills over the mines, where pilgrim miners might sleep, and where they put up their Bethel stones in token of their vision, as Jacob did (Fig. 8). At a later time the Egyptians built cubicles for such dreamers in front of the shrine of the goddess. The Egyptians called her Hat-hor, which was a general name for foreign goddesses. Tall tablets of stone were put up to record the expeditions of the miners who were sent out from Egypt, principally by the kings of about 2500 B.C. (Figs. 3, 1). This temple is now known as Sarabit el Khadem, or "the heights of the fortress."

The worship of the goddess of turquoise naturally required to be carried on according to native Semitic rites; and therefore we find the Egyptians following customs quite unknown in Egypt, just as a soldier of the Roman army would worship Celtic gods when he came to the West. The pilgrim shelters and Bethel stones are one Semitic custom. The great mass of burnt offerings on the high place, in front of the sacred cave, is another such custom. And the court of ablutions in the temple here shows a third custom, which is familiar in the laver of the Jewish Tabernacle, the brazen sea of the Jewish temple, and the *Hanafiyyeh* court of every mosque. The original sacred cave was enlarged and sculptured at about 2500 B.C.; a portico was built in front of it, and a small courtyard was fenced round with great tablets of adoration to the goddess. Later on, about 1500 B.C., the court of ablutions was built by Tahutmes III. (Fig. 5), with a large basin of stone surrounded by four great pillars. About two centuries later another such court was built by Rameses II. (Fig. 4) with a square tank surrounded by pillars. The temple was continued onward for a distance of some two hundred feet, and the great tablets and ruins of walls still stand up on the bare hill-top (Figs. 2, 11). About two hundred and fifty inscriptions have been copied from these monuments.

Amid the ruins were great numbers of different kinds of offerings to the goddess. Though the existence of the temple had been known long ago, and many travellers had visited it, yet it had never been excavated, and even much of the plan of it was unknown. On clearing it, the whole of the walls were found, and the pillars which showed the original height. A group of the early kings who had worked here were commemorated together: Seneferu, Mentuhotep, Amenemhat I. and Senusert I. (4000 to 2500 B.C.), shown in Fig. 15. The heads of the goddess Hat-hor (Fig. 9) are on the tops of the pillars of about 1500 B.C. About a century later the beautiful statuette of the great Queen Thyi was dedicated here (Fig. 7); this gives the best portrait known of her, worked with the greatest delicacy in black steatite. A large number of statuettes and tablets were dedicated by miners and officials, and hundreds of objects in blue glazed ware, bearing the names of the kings from about 1550 to 1150 B.C. Two copper chisels were also found in the temple of about 1200 B.C. (Fig. 12). And both in the temple and at some of the mines are inscriptions in an unknown writing (Fig. 13) which was probably one of the forerunners of the Phœnician alphabet.

Such are the far-reaching results of a season full of interest in this desert, where we had a camp of over thirty people at work, five days' distance from the base of supply at Suez. The camp was in the top of a mountain valley (Fig. 17) some 2300 feet up; and thence was a climb of over some hundreds of feet of cliffs to reach the temple every day. The results will appear in a large volume of inscriptions and plans, and a more popular volume with about two hundred photographs. The ground which will be occupied next winter will be the eastern side of the Delta, which is the region most likely to give fresh results about the Israelites or the shepherd kings.



# THE KING'S BISLEY: HIS MAJESTY'S INTEREST IN HIS HOME AND COLONIAL RIFLEMEN.

DRAWING BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BISLEY; PHOTOGRAPHS BY KNIGHT, BY FRY, AND BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. THE KING WATCHING THE USE OF THE YOULTON HYPOSCOPE, THE INSTRUMENT THAT PERMITS A MARKSMAN TO TAKE ACCURATE AIM WITHOUT SHOWING HIS HEAD ABOVE AN ENTRENCHMENT.
2. THE KING'S PRIZEMAN: ARMOURER-SERGEANT COMBER, 2ND V.B. EAST SURREY.
3. KING AND KING'S PRIZEMAN: HIS MAJESTY CONGRATULATES SERGEANT COMBER AT THE FIRING-POINT.
4. THE WINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE, THE DRAGON CUP, AND GOLD CROSS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SANDEMAN, GLOUCESTER IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.
5. THE KING'S INTEREST IN NEW SHOOTING APPLIANCES: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING A TARGET THAT REGISTERS AT THE FIRING-POINT THE EXACT POSITION OF THE HIT.

Not since Queen Victoria fired the first shot at Wimbledon in 1860 had the National Rifle Association been favoured by the Sovereign's presence until the King's visit to Bisley on July 22. The King inspected the Colonial contingents and watched with the keenest interest the final stage of the King's Prize. His Majesty afterwards presented the prizes to the successful competitors.



TRACKS OF THE ANCIENT TURQUOISE-MINERS: PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR



1. THE TABLET OF A MINING EXPEDITION, 2500 B.C.

2. THE SCENE OF THE EXCAVATIONS: DISTANT VIEW OF THE TEMPLE RUINS AT SARABIT.

3. TABLET OF A MINING EXPEDITION, 1400 B.C.

4. THE TANK AND PILLAR OF THE ABLUTION COURT OF RAMESSES II., 1300 B.C.

5. COURT WITH BASIN SURROUNDED BY COLUMNS, 1500 B.C.

6. THE GALLERY OF THE TURQUOISE MINES.

7. "HELEN'S BEAUTY IN A BROW OF EGYPT": THE HEAD OF QUEEN THYI, 1100 B.C.

8. A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOR ORACULAR DREAMS LIKE JACOB'S: A BETHEL ENCLOSURE WITH PILLAR. 9. HEADS OF HAT-HOR.

These were recently exhibited at University College, Gower Street, where further



# LATEST EXCAVATIONS IN THE SINAI PENINSULA: MONUMENTS FROM 4600 B.C.

FLINDERS PETRIE. (SEE ARTICLE.)



10. SCULPTURES OF SENEFERU, WADY MAGHARA, 4000 B.C.

11. THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE, 1200 B.C.

12. THE ANCIENT MINER'S TOOLS: COPPER CHISELS, 1200 B.C.

13. INSCRIPTION IN UNKNOWN WRITING, 1500 B.C.

14. THE GENERAL OF THE EARLIEST EXPEDITION, 4500 B.C.

15. THE FIGURES OF FOUR KINGS AT A TABLE: SENEFERU, 4000 B.C.; MENTUPOTEP, AMENEMHAT, SENUSERT, ABOUT 2600 B.C.

16. TABLET OF KING SENEFERU, 4000 B.C.

17. THE EXPLORER'S CAMP IN A VALLEY 2300 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

18. STONE HAMMERS OF THE ANCIENT MINERS.

information can be obtained. On another page Professor Flinders Petrie discusses the subject.





A MYSTERIOUS TERROR OF THE MIDDLE AGES: A SITTING OF THE VEHMGERICHT, THE FAMOUS SECRET TRIBUNAL OF WESTPHALIA.

DRAWN BY R. CLON WOODVILLE.

The Vehmgericht, established for the purpose of maintaining peace and religion, became powerful in the twelfth century, and disappeared in the sixteenth. It is said to have been instituted by Charlemagne. Of its constitution nothing was known. The judges were veiled, like the modern brethren of the Misericordia in Florence, and the accused was summoned hurriedly and secretly before the Council. None knew who acted as executioner. The judgments were summary, and the condemned very often laid his head on a block wet with the blood of the previous victim. The name is taken from "Vehmen," an obscure word that may mean "secret," and "Gericht," a tribunal. A magnificent description of a sitting of the court is to be found in Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," Chap. x. In Act v. of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" there is a scene in the Vehmgericht.



THE ROYAL SCANDINAVIAN FATHER-IN-LAW AND HIS ENGLISH DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT AN OPEN-AIR FÊTE IN STOCKHOLM.

*Princess Margaret's arrival in her adopted country was celebrated by many ceremonies, among which was an open-air fête, where the Princess appeared leaning on the arm of King Oscar. Swedish children, in the national costume, strewed flowers before their future Queen from England.*





THE FRENCH SUBMARINE DISASTER: REMOVING THE VICTIMS FROM THE "FARFADET."

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 15

After six days of unrescued toil, the salvaging crew at length, on July 25, raised and removed to one of the boats at Sub-A'ulushik. The same night the last two companions and sailors began the terrible task of unloading the boats at the two villages and had a lingering and agonizing death, hoping against hope for rescue. The same night the last two men lay upon their



THE SCENE OF 101 CASUALTIES: THE U.S. GUN-BOAT "BENNINGTON," BLOWN UP AT SAN DIEGO.

THESE DOCUMENTS ARE THE PROPERTY OF THE FBI AND ARE TO BE RETURNED TO THE FBI AT THE TIME OF REQUEST.

Owing to a weak line, the author had a small explosion around the "Domestic". The top of one of the legs gave in, two legs ran, and the boiler exploded in front of me, in the direction which also exploded. The result, however, was entirely destroyed. The boiler was not killed, and was not injured, twenty-five feet away.



## FROM THE LOOM OF FICTION.

## HALF-A-DOZEN NOVELS.

IN "Mrs. Alemere's Elopement" (Nash) Mr. Charles Marriott shows the strength that is in him. His earlier novels suffered from a wavering touch. There is no wavering this time. The fault of this book is really too great a conviction in the author's mind. He is too sure that Dick Feddon's mother would know exactly what passed in other people's heads. When she holds them in conversation she sees what they are thinking as clearly as the author sees it. At least, she starts with this omniscience, but becomes more agreeably human and fallible later on. Then there are people who are not allowed by Mr. Marriott to think at all. There is Palliser, for instance, who came home from distant lands to marry Evelyn Alemere. The lady eloped with Dick Feddon, simply to make use of him for the purpose of a divorce. He is perfectly innocent, but she persuades him not to defend the action, and he thinks she will marry him. Palliser, an old lover, is the man she wants; but she does not tell him the use she made of Dick. When he learns it by an accident, which makes one of the most striking scenes in the story, he starts on his travels again. Now, Palliser should know as well as Mr. Marriott does that he is a tower of strength to his wife, and that without him she will lapse. The marriage is a complete success. Palliser ruins it because, although he is no fool, he is suddenly bereft of any thinking capacity. This is rather a serious flaw in the story; it is equally an error to give a character more brains than a proper share, or to take away what the personage is entitled to. But Mr. Marriott has some striking successes. Alemere, the eloping lady's first husband, dull, rather vulgar, bewildered by his wife, apt to take refuge from psychological puzzles in liquor, but simple, sincere, and good-hearted, is a positive triumph. Evelyn is almost as remarkable; and her death in the presence of this kindly, blundering man, to whom the flight of Palliser is a crime, is singularly moving. Mr. Marriott has a great sense of the ironies of life; more insight, indeed, than most of the younger novelists who are now writing; and an intellectual resource, in fine, which should carry him far.

When Mr. Donithorne, who had a clear and acute business head, and was the principal of an old-established mercantile house, settled down in the country, he showed less acumen than might have been expected from him. He bought Fraggarts, lock, stock, and barrel, from the raffish Mr. Sanfrey without getting an expert's opinion on the ancestral portraits, and so allowed himself to be outrageously swindled; and he accepted the incubus of the sole surviving Sanfrey in a cottage at his park-gates with a singular feebleness. Miss Deane has succeeded in putting two original characters into "The Little Neighbour" (Murray). Sanfrey and his daughter, the ill-bred representative of a decadent race, and the elvish, unbalanced young woman whom he leaves to torment the respectable Donithorne; but we are not ready to admit that the situations created for them are always quite convincing, though the outcome is a very entertaining novel. Lady Blenheim, by the way—a well-drawn dowager—introduces a reflection upon the modern girl's physical development that will bear quotation. "Look at the size they grow to!" she remarks. "They are too well-fed for whims and romance. When I think of my nursery and school-room fare—no fads there, you ate what you hated, or you went without." It is an ingenious indictment of the fat and the pea-soup and the detested sago-pudding of our youth: we commend it to the students of race-development. It is not the only shrewd, amusing touch in a story that ends upon a tragic note; and it pleases us as well in its way as the pains expended upon the paradoxical portrait of George Donithorne, the business man who was a simpleton.

Canon Sheehan has amply fulfilled the promise of "Luke Delmege" and "My New Curate" in "Glenanaar" (Longmans). It is the best thing he has done yet; a swinging Irish story, with the balance between romance and history, humour and sentiment, carefully maintained throughout. The lives of the people of Glenanaar are very close to the writer's heart, and so he is able to bring them near to a wider audience than the little circle of Irish folk, among whom he depicts himself as the parish priest. The business of the story throws back, after the introductory chapters, to the black days when the special commission sent to Cork to try the Doneraile conspirators sat in the dingy court-house, and all southern Ireland hung upon the issue. It is difficult for an Irishman to write of these things, the history of injustice and revenge, of hatred and bitter reprisals, without being carried away by his sympathies. Not many Irish novelists, we think, could have dealt with the tragedy of 1829 and preserved just the tender, clear-seeing expression which threads through the middle pages of "Glenanaar." The love-story runs, as love-stories should, not too smoothly until a happy ending; but it plays rather a minor part in the book. The dominant interest is the ban that lies upon the seed of an informer, and here Canon Sheehan puts his knowledge and his insight to fine purpose. He has taken weighty material, and moulded it, with the touch of an artist, into a simple, easy-running narrative; and he has achieved a novel that is not only full of historical interest,

but that is distinguished by its compassionate outlook upon the prejudices—at once trivial and terrible—of Celtic humanity.

In "The Honour of Henri de Valois" (London: Dent) Mr. D. M. Beddoe has at least discovered an unusual and an interesting setting for a story of intrigue. Egypt seventy-five years ago, when Mahomed Ali, having slaughtered the Mamelukes, had created a great military power, and his son Ibrahim was leading fellahen to victory over the best Turkish troops, gives fair scope to the writer of romance. European adventurers had gathered round the ambitious Pasha, and soldiers of fortune were anticipating Lord Kitchener in teaching the Egyptians to fight. Mr. Beddoe evidently knows his Egypt, and he has realised very successfully the temperaments of the Frenchmen, Italians, and British who made a career for themselves in the midst of a welter of Oriental treachery. The story is concerned with the efforts of the beautiful Lucille de Valois to restore the reputation of her dead father, a Frenchman in high command, who had been convicted of treason to his Egyptian (or, rather, Albanian) master. Naturally, a clever, unscrupulous Greek is at the bottom of the whole business, and had ruined his innocent comrade to further his own career. As naturally (from the novelist's point of view) the daughter nearly falls a victim to the villain, and is led by him to suspect the wrong man. There is an air of melodrama about the figure of this Miralai el Kebir—really a Welsh baronet—but his colleagues are more real. There is some stirring fighting in Syria, and the characters are well handled. The author obligingly supplies a glossary, useful for Arabic words, but unnecessarily thorough, since few of his readers will need to be told that "mon père" is French for "my father." Oddly enough, the author's (or the printer's) own French is very erratic.

The popular elements in sensational novels at the present moment would appear to be the "double" and Russian revolution, and Mr. Carlton Dawe artfully combines them in his new story, "The Grand Duke" (Hutchinson, 6s.). With this double-barrelled shocker he contrives to make something of a hit. An Englishman, one Wraymond, attached to the Diplomatic Service, and conscious of a not too-brilliant career, seeks solace at Monte Carlo. He arrives there simultaneously (as, indeed, his newspaper had informed him) with the Grand Duke Boris, Governor-General of Moscow. It did not strike him at once, of course, that his likeness to the Grand Duke explained the gracious attention and obsequious service of which he rapidly became conscious. But light broke upon him rudely, and through a woman—beautiful, revolutionary woman, with a brother immured in the deepest dungeons reserved for the slow maddening of political in Russia. Thus we have love and Nihilism and beauty and adventure, and the mishaps and misunderstandings that beset the heroes in novels—all the tried and necessary elements of sensational fiction, very neatly brought within the scope of a simple and easily grasped plot. Mr. Dawe has the courage of his situations. Revolutionaries are of no use in novels if they keep away from under the noses of the St. Petersburg or Moscow police. And a "double" is a tame character if he does not have an opportunity of deceiving by his likeness the wife of the other man, and does not seize it discreetly yet with a show of all its more or less delicate possibilities. Mr. Dawe's "double"—hero, we are able to assure the reader, will not fail him in any essential respect.

The wicked scientist, who puts his discoveries to nefarious purpose, has become a stock figure in fiction; but we do not remember having come across more ingenious result of his machinations than the plot of "A Prince to Order," by Mr. Charles Stoke Wayne (John Lane, 6s.). It is an American book, and so the hero, who, through the venality of his valet, becomes the prey of designing Dr. Schlippenbach, is naturally a vigorous specimen of American manhood, and is blessed with a wiry constitution that must have been indispensable in the shocks and crises through which he passed in the course of his European adventures. When it is postulated that a drug, dropped in the form of a pellet into an unsuspecting young man's morning coffee, can place him under the mental control of the person who administers it, you have the foundation for an excellent romance, and Mr. Wayne has made lively use of his material. We do not intend to give away the story; beyond saying that the young man narrowly escapes occupying a European throne, and that all goes as it should in the last chapter, when his true love's head is found resting against his shoulder, while "the light of passionate adoration" dwells in her eyes. The book, which may be recommended to summer readers, strikes us as being, in spite of a little exuberance, better composed and more brightly written than the ordinary English novel of its class. Our greater living novelists hold their own; but the mass of minor American sensation-mongers writes, we think, with a higher average of crispness and precision than we have found among the rank-and-file of its English rivals.

## MORE STEVENSONIANA.

CRAFTSMANSHIP was the undoing of R. L. S. In his struggles after the *mot juste*, he never realised that it was his birthright, as the Letters remain to prove. In these alone did he escape from the obsession of his audience—of his critics—of his hardest critic, himself—and the style becomes easy and natural, with the quick, alternating phases that proclaim vitality. Even the most delicately chiselled of his prose cameos has something lacking; it is, after all, a cold perfection, a body outwardly fair; but, when all has been accomplished, bloodless. The last term is, of course, relative, for Stevenson's nature was anything but anæmic, and had he only been able to permit himself the divine carelessness of Walter Scott, we should not have been put off with a veiled vision of his ideal. There were within him, indeed, two ideals: the one of theme, the other of expression; and it is his misfortune, and in a greater degree ours, that the struggle after form became paramount. He understood as no man has since Scott—except, perhaps, George Douglas Brown—the spirit of his country and his countrymen; their best speech was on his tongue; he could translate their humour, in its driest and most pragmatical essence, with just the right reminiscence of the colloquial in the narrative passage. All this he did, only to miss the supreme effect; for never was the canvas quite large enough, never was the service of the brush perfect freedom. To say this is no irreverence to the gentle shade of Tusitala; rather is it reverent avowal of what he was, and would have proved himself, but for a luckless diffidence of his own powers.

How far it is wise, or even seemly, to increase the volume of Stevensoniana must remain a moot point. Here and there, of course, isolated passages occur that illuminate phases of the novelist's career, but when the "Letters" in particular, and after them (at some distance) Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life," appeared, enough, perhaps more than enough, had been done for Stevenson's memory. All the rest is minor detail, and Mr. Arthur Johnstone's "R. L. Stevenson in the Pacific," issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, scarcely evades the charge of the superfluous. With the details of the hiring of yachts and of chance sea-captains' testimony to Mr. Stevenson's competency to be trusted with sailing-craft, we are lightly concerned. Even the minutiae of Pacific voyages leave us cold and less informed than we were by one memorable passage in the preface to "Catriona," with its suggestion of words written "to the sound of slapping canvas." There, in few lines, is Stevenson in the Pacific, as he chose to reveal himself in one luminous glimpse. Mr. Johnstone's book, however, with its laborious explanations and anecdotes, may perhaps be justified by its exposition of the Damien controversy. Few people of clear and sympathetic judgment have any but the right view of the martyr of the lepers' island, but the review of the facts now before us proves, if it proves anything, how magnificently Stevenson went to the heart of the matter in his defence of the priest. He brushed aside all accidents, and saw only the essential splendour of Damien's character and work, which the professors of a rigid and puny morality sought to belittle, chiefly, no doubt, because the apostle did not wear their own immaculately starched Geneva bands. Damien's minor failings (if they existed) only heightened his superb humanity.

With this further biographic volume are appearing from the same house others containing hitherto uncollected works by R. L. S. "Essays of Travel" includes "The Amateur Emigrant," which was afterwards continued in "Across the Plains." Somewhat diffuse and on a lower literary plane than Stevenson generally permitted to pass from his hands, it is saved by its brilliant passages of sheer characterisation; but the point of view is somewhat narrowly Scottish, and many of the best strokes must remain hidden from all but the Caledonian. That swift shaft of description, for example, portraying the inhumane steward, with the "Glasgow look," has a delicate barb of satire that could only have been fitted by an Edinburgh archer, glancing with humorous contempt at the "bodies" of the Western Metropolis. It is admirable and in no way bigoted or offensive; for Stevenson could, on occasion, be equally frank with his own townsmen. It is for this that we welcome the republication in "Tales and Fantasies" (another of the new volumes) of the story "John Nicholson." Much of the humour is, of course, esoteric, but since the recent crisis in the Scottish Church knowledge of the curious ecclesiastical conditions of the North has been rather extended, and although the full masterliness of the portrait of old Mr. Nicholson may remain hidden from all but the initiated, much of the by-play will have for many a meaning it would have lacked this time last year. Unfortunately, the story does not maintain the fine promise of the opening, which is, of its kind, worthy to be set with "Weir of Hermiston" as a piece of national portraiture. Midway, the familiar daimon of the "New Arabian Nights" set upon Louis and whisked him into extravaganzas—vastly amusing, it is true, but entirely out of the key of the beginning, and, indeed, of the end, where, in the self-realisation of young Alexander Nicholson, Stevenson finds himself once more. In this volume is also reprinted "The Body-Snatcher," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* shortly after the novelist's death. It is a story that calls for no special comment.



SIX TONS FLOATING IN MID-AIR: THE WAR OFFICE AIR-SHIP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



THE BIGGEST AIR-SHIP EVER BUILT: THE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE BARTON-RAWSON VESSEL AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, JULY 22.

The tremendous aërostat which has been built to the order of the War Office from the designs of Dr. Barton and Mr. F. L. Rawson, has a cigar-shaped envelope 150 feet long, beneath which are hung a bamboo deck, aëroplanes, motors, and steering apparatus. It is driven by two 50-horse power motors which drive four propellers. After elaborate preliminaries, the air-ship was got under way and ascended some 2400 feet. The wind, however, caused the experimenters great trouble, and the steering was not all that they had hoped. The vessel came down on the further side of Romford. The descent was accomplished almost successfully, but as the four aëronauts had congregated at one end of the platform, earth was no sooner reached than the stern of the ship rose suddenly and Mr. Spencer found it necessary to cut the balloon open. The gas rushed out with a roar, the car crashed to the ground and went practically to pieces. On the whole, however, the designers are pleased with the trials.



## LADIES' PAGE.

Queen Alexandra's great generosity in dividing between two of the military charities the sum of £6000 bequeathed to her personally by the late Mr. Sear, of Liverpool, is quite in keeping with her character. It is the same generosity that has often exhibited itself—in such matters, for instance, as the foundation of the technical school for the villagers at Sandringham, the establishment of the Finsen light for the treatment of lupus at the London Hospital, and several other acts that could be cited of munificence from her Majesty's own resources. The testator was, no doubt, moved by the conviction that his gift would be more or less directly employed for good objects when placed at her Majesty's disposal. It is not at all uncommon for persons having money to leave to choose to bequeath it to some eminent person, almost or quite a stranger to the testator, but admired by him for public work.

connection that it is found that women do not even compete for the opportunity to be heard; they do not even produce the work—only a small percentage of women sent in compositions, and those who did compete nearly all sent merely songs—far less do they achieve compositions that are able to stand the stress of competition with the men's work. This is certainly somewhat curious, and it is to be hoped that Miss Troup's benefaction to women composers specially will inspire some talented girls with hope and ambition enough to enter the field. For it is by no means certain that women can never compose important works because they have not yet done so; any more than it is yet clearly proven that an Englishman can never produce a successful grand opera because no one of them has yet been able to grasp success in this line. That the power may be there, though for some rather obscure reason still dormant, may be considered to be rendered probable by the example of a sister art. In painting, the English race for centuries seemed incapable of producing the best class of work. All the important "old masters" belong to some other nationality; even in comparatively modern times, our great people's portraits had to be limned by the Dutch Lely and Vandyke, and our native landscape had no interpreters; yet a little later on English artists of the highest rank arose. So it may yet be with women composers. All honour to Miss Troup, at any rate, for trying to help other women!

There is a Commissioner sitting at present to consider on behalf of the Home Secretary whether the bye-laws that the London County Council propose to pass to prevent children from working for money shall be sanctioned. It is apparently only boys who come under consideration. The poor little girls whose lives are one long labour with drudging over household work and baby-tending all the time that they are not in school are not brought into the review. It is the old story—the man in his union struggles for an eight hours' day, but looks amazed when you ask him how he will manage at home if his missus asks for the same, and if she, having prepared the breakfast at seven in the morning, declines to do any more work after four in the afternoon? Yet how much more girls are worked among the poor than are boys is rather dimly indicated in the report of the Children's Holiday Fund, which shows that parents apply in the proportion of three to one in many districts for holidays in the country for their boys in preference to their girls; the reason for the disproportion being stated to be that the girls do work at home, and cannot be spared. Poor little women! "Woman's lot is on you!" wrote Mrs. Hemans to the girls whom she saw at evening prayer in school; and then followed lines upon lines of dismal predictions in accordance with this premise. Well, there is some truth in it, and we ought to do anything we can to counteract the drawbacks. Those ladies who have anything to do with children's treats should specially consider the little girls, and try to get them in somehow.

A peculiarly refined taste is that for old china, but it is one that is easily acquired by any person of perception for beauty in colour, surface, and form, for in all three respects the artistic faculty of the past has lavished itself on the production of china. Every woman of good taste, therefore, loves old china. The Queen and the Marchioness of Londonderry, for example, rely chiefly upon it for the decoration of their own respective special boudoirs.

Dealers who have laboriously learned something of values are given to charging quite fancy prices for good old china, knowing that all purchasers are apt to be enthusiasts. Lovers of this dainty decoration will therefore be grateful to me for telling them of an exceptionally moderately priced as well as excellent collection now to be seen at Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's, 54, Oxford Street. This well-known firm is, of course, famous for stationery and for leather and fancy goods, but one of the partners having an extensive knowledge of old china, this department has recently been added, and now contains some hundreds of pieces, every one of which, chosen by skilled and cultivated taste, is a treasure. There is a particularly good gathering of Lowestoft, a lot of the quaintest old Staffordshire and Delft, many quite exquisite pieces of real Oriental, some bits of the fashionable lustre-ware—in fact, it is a most complete collection, and distinguished by the moderation of the prices, which are, by the way, marked plainly on each bit of china.

It is a comfort that the sensible tailor-made style of costume undergoes but little change from year to year. Sleeves on gowns of more dressy pretensions may if they please puff themselves here one season and there the next; the tailor's rational and useful coat-sleeve remains serenely unchanged. It modifies itself, to be sure, so as to allow the underlying puffs to get in underneath when a blouse is worn—a great convenience, for this latter garment may be of the most cool, diaphanous material, while the tailor-made coat must always be of at least a firm fabric. In many circumstances the sensible thing to do is to don a blouse beneath the coat, and take off the latter when opportunity offers, adding the easily slipped-on coat again for appearance in walking or warmth in driving. But the blouse-sleeve supposed in this case is so light and compressible that it needs but little room in the coat-sleeve, and a somewhat increased number of full pleats at the shoulder is the only concession that the tailor needs to make to the fullness at the highest part of his sleeve. Then the sensible *trousseau* skirt is another prerogative of the tailor; it is wonderful how fatiguing it becomes to hold up the

lightest of skirts all through a day's expedition, and how great is the relief of having on one that, even if a little heavier in itself, is cut to clear the ground, and does not need holding up at all, unless the walking be quite dirty just after rain. It is surely a token of the essential good sense of the modern woman about her dress that the tailor-made continues to remain in fashion with so little change year after year.

The seaside and yachting gowns that most tailors have been busy with for the past week or two are nearly all simple. Queen Alexandra is a great supporter of this wisdom; on board a yacht, her gowns and those of her daughters and her ladies are invariably simplicity itself in cut, a plain little coat being usually the Queen's own choice. As to the tailor-made skirts, some are laid in closely stitched-down pleats to below the knees, and then flare out in adequate fullness; some are stitched or piped right down the seams to the feet; others are perfectly plain, only finished by several rows of stitching round the feet. A little more complication is nevertheless quite permissible; for example, a skirt of dark-blue soft and light-weight serge had a flat panel down the front, piped down on either side with itself; the piping near the ankles was set out into a square shape, and there four little enamel buttons were decoratively placed. Similar pipings and buttons for decoration appeared a few inches above the end of every one of the eight gores that made the skirt set prettily round to the gathers at the back breadth. A full skirt in brown soft cloth that is to be worn under a short basqued coat is laid in close and narrow box-pleats all round, each held down to half-way from the waist to the knees by a shaped tab of the same cloth, and stitched several times; thence pleats well pressed into shape fall unhampered to the ground. Such small variations are quite in keeping; but still, simplicity and plainness are the note of the tailor style for a yachting or the country gown.

The season seems to be continuing longer than usual this year. It is apt to come to an abrupt finish at the middle of July, although a certain number of people must always stop till Parliament rises. This year, well on into the last fortnight of the month, the Park remained very full, and on one afternoon I recognised driving Princess Christian, in a pretty grey taffetas gown, the Duchess of Marlborough,



FOR THE SEASIDE PROMENADE.

A soft voile gown, with the pleated skirt adorned by bands of satin ribbon, and the same edging the fichu effect on the corsage, with vest of pleated muslin, is here depicted.

Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick, were each the recipients of large fortunes in this way. The late Queen was bequeathed half a million by an eccentric person, a Mr. Neild, who was a noted miser in his lifetime. Whether by his cheese-paring habits he was intentionally amassing a great fortune for the purpose of so bequeathing it, or whether he gratified a natural instinct for saving and only disposed of his accumulation by presenting it to his Sovereign at last, is uncertain; but the late Queen behaved with characteristic propriety on the occasion. She sought out the nearest relatives of the testator and settled on them an annuity for life; and she restored the church near his estate as a memorial to his name, and then accepted the balance for her private use. The Empress Frederick's bequeathed fortune was even a larger sum of money. It was left to her by the Duchesse de Galliera, and with it the Empress bought her estate and built her palace near Homburg.

At the recent distribution of prizes by Princess Henry of Battenberg to the students of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Principal, had the pleasure of announcing that a novel prize has just been founded by the generosity of an ex-student, Miss Josephine Troup. It is for female composers, and is to be held for the unusually long period of five years by the winner, who must be a promising musician of the donor's own sex. In this connection it is to be noted that at the annual festival of the sister institution, the Royal College of Music, held a short time earlier in the month, it was mentioned that women composers were few and shy in the experience of the examiners who sort the works offered there for free production. The Royal College has a fund, founded by several generous benefactions, specially to enable the works of budding composers to obtain a hearing; the compositions, which are selected by a committee from those sent in, are produced at special concerts, which take place at frequent intervals, and for which the composer is free from all expense, singers and instrumentalists to do justice to his composition being provided by the fund. It is in this



A USEFUL TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

Blue serge is here seen in a serviceable walking length, brightened by a vest of a light cloth, and by narrow revers of embroidery, and trimmed with velvet ribbon and fancy buttons.

in a cornflower-blue silk voile dress and toque, and the Duchess of Wellington, in black and white, with numbers of other well-known people. Still, the end has now practically come, and everybody is "flitting." I hear that the most famous of all Swiss hotels, the Schweizerhof at Lucerne, is filled with guests of good position already. It is the hotel there, of course; nobody who can afford to stop at the best hotel of a place thinks of going anywhere else in Lucerne, for the position is ideal, overlooking the lovely, restful green lake at its most pleasant part, and the internal management is of the highest competence, with an excellent table.

FILomena.





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The House of the Vetii at Pompeii, from which our border designs are taken, was excavated only ten years ago. It contains some of the most beautiful mural paintings that are left to us of the Roman world of 79 A.D. Among those here illustrated are the Cupids chariot-racing and a procession that may be a triumph of Venus.



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would require every inch of our space in more than a single number. Blackpool speaks for itself, its air and sea and its amusements are their own best recommendation; Buxton, with its baths, maintains and enhances a reputation for salubrity that it won in Roman times, and, besides its natural advantages, it commands excursions to Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and other places bearing names to conjure with. Llandrindod Wells rivals any Continental spa for beauty and healing power. Further information can be obtained from the London and North-Western Company's dainty book, "Where to Spend the Holidays"; and inquirers are invited to write to the Station Master or the District Superintendent at Euston.



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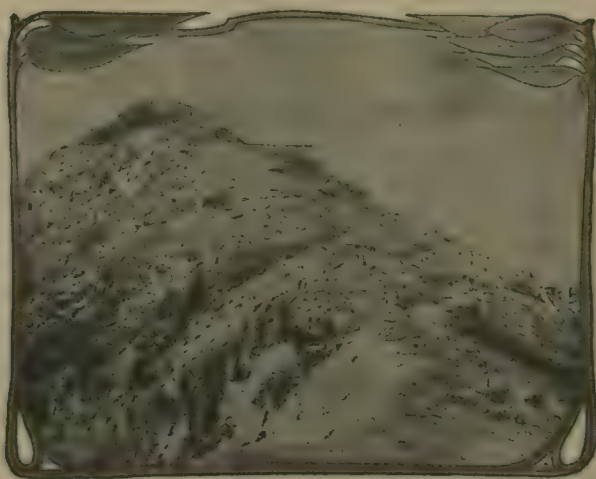
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scenery of the northern coast-line. It has been said that a kind Providence fashioned the climate of this Northern Riviera expressly for the holiday-maker. Within half a mile of the shore grow hedges of red fuchsia ablaze with blossom. There are laurels

bathing, and at Portrush there is a golf course which its admirers declare rivals that of Macrihanish, and from this centre excursion-parties may plan delightful days at Londonderry with its historical associations, Coleraine with its lovely riverside ramble and

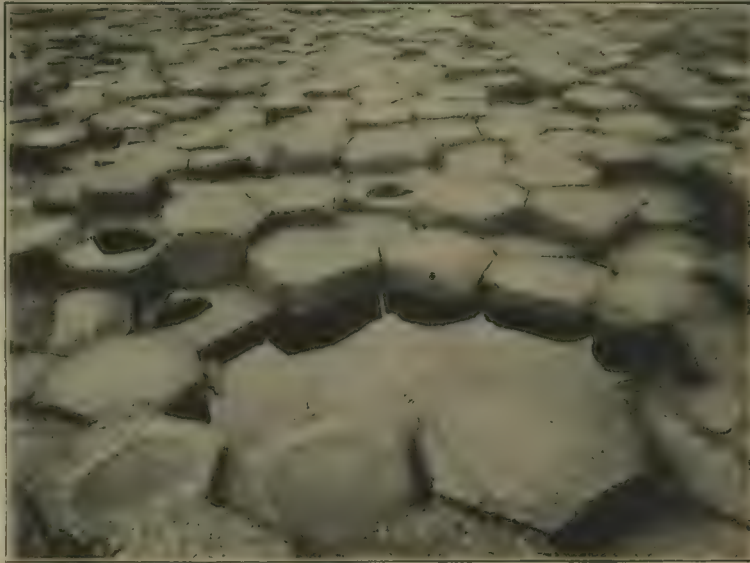


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great harbour at Heysham in Morecambe Bay. There is a regular and splendid service of steamers in connection with the company's trains, and the route is one which opens up a wonderful district for tourists in the North of Ireland. The traveller who lands at Belfast finds the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, another recent acquisition of the Midland Company's, at his disposal to carry him easily and comfortably to many picturesque places the names of which are household words, though far too few people have actually visited them. Most interesting of all, probably, is that extraordinary geological curiosity, the Giant's Causeway. There is easy access to Belfast Lough, Larne Lough, Portrush, Lough Foyle, Ballymena, Parkmore, Lough Neagh (the largest sheet of fresh water in the United Kingdom), and many other desirable Irish resorts. The railway very often skirts the sea for many miles, thus giving the traveller an opportunity of enjoying the romantic



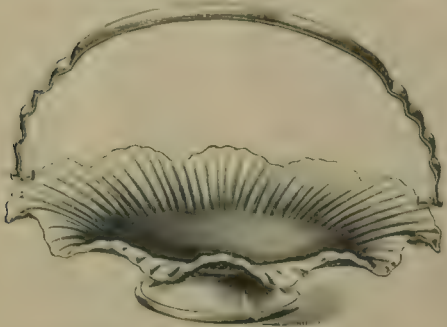
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# ROSBACH



## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.

The approaching Bank Holiday is undoubtedly the time when the greatest exodus takes place from London, and to meet the many requirements of holiday-makers, both for the forthcoming holiday and the remainder of the season, the Midland Company, through their agents, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, have issued a most comprehensive quarto pamphlet of twenty-four pages giving the fullest particulars of the company's arrangements, which include weekly excursions from Thursday, Aug. 3, from St. Pancras, via Heysham and all principal routes to Belfast and the North of Ireland, and fortnightly from Thursday, Aug. 3, to Dublin and the South and West of Ireland, and on certain fixed days to Londonderry only. There will also be special fortnightly excursions to the North of England and all parts of Scotland every alternate Friday from Aug. 4 to Sept. 29, for seven or seventeen days, and every Saturday until Sept. 2 for eight or sixteen days special daylight excursions to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Helensburgh. On Friday midnight, Aug. 4, for three, six, or seven days, and on Saturday midnight, Aug. 5, for two, five, or six days, cheap excursions will be run to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Shipley, Bradford, Keighley, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, and Liverpool. Weekly excursions are also arranged for every Saturday until Sept. 30 to the Midlands.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway are running special excursions to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Aug. 3, 4, and 6, and by trains leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m. and 2.50 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 5. There will be other excursions by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m. each evening from Aug. 3 to 6, inclusive, via Dover and Calais, returning from Paris at 2.40 p.m. via Boulogne, or 8.40 p.m. via Calais, any day within fourteen days. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.50 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 5, and at 2.20 p.m. on Sunday, Aug. 6; returning at 12.5, 6.30, or 7.10 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap return tickets, available for eight days, will be issued at Charing Cross from Aug. 2 to 7, inclusive, available by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have issued a pamphlet entitled "To the Sunny South Coast," which forms an excellent guide to the pleasure resorts reached by the company's service of trains. It gives the places of interest in the neighbourhood, and their distances from the nearest stations on the line. There are also many particulars of sports and pastimes, the health statistics of different localities, and the railway facilities. There are excellent illustrations, and the book is well worth the twopence which will procure it.

Holiday-makers should peruse the A B C programmes setting forth the excursion facilities from

London to the Midlands and the North, issued by the Great Central Railway Company. Their programme for the August Bank Holiday contains very concise and complete information. On Saturday, Aug. 5, they are running several special trains at convenient hours during the day, also at 12.5 midnight on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4 and 5. This company's programme for July, August, and September announces a new and important feature in the fact that excursion facilities are given to over two hundred towns in the Midlands and the North every Saturday for this season, instead of fortnightly as in previous years. We commend these two programmes to those who contemplate journeying northwards for their holidays. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or any of the company's town offices and agencies.

For the August Bank Holiday on the Continent, cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels on Aug. 2 to 5 inclusive. On Aug. 7 cheap tickets, available for seven days, will be issued to Liège, for its exhibition, via Harwich and Antwerp. Dining and breakfast cars are run between London and Parkston Quay, Harwich, on the Antwerp service. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning and Liège at noon, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle, for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. The Royal Danish Mail steamers of Det Forenede Dampskibs Selskab, of Copenhagen, will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the west coast of Denmark) on Aug. 3 and 5, returning Aug. 8 and 9. This excellent service opens up delightful opportunities for travel in Scandinavia. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on Aug. 2 and 5 for Hamburg, returning Aug. 6 and 9.

The difficulty of solving the holiday problems of Where to go? How to get there? What to see? has been considerably minimised by the London and South Western Railway, which, with their characteristic enterprise in meeting the needs of the holiday-maker, have again arranged a splendid series of greatly accelerated excursions, also additional and late trains in connection with the August Bank Holiday. For those who wish to spend an enjoyable time at the seaside, with plenty of sunshine and a bracing climate for health, and every attraction conducive to pleasure, the best resorts will be found on the Sunny South and South-West Coast, which includes the Isle of Wight (Cowes, Ryde, Shanklin, Ventnor, Sandown, Totland Bay), Portsmouth for Southsea, Southampton, Bournemouth, Swanage, Weymouth, Lyme Regis, Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exmouth, Plymouth, Newquay, Padstow, Boscastle and Tintagel, Bude, Bideford (for Westward Ho!), Ilfracombe, Lynton,

Burnham, etc., all brought within easy reach of London by the excellent service of fast excursions from Waterloo. A postcard to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, London, S.E., will insure by return of post a programme with complete information regarding all the districts served by this railway.

The delightful West-Country resorts of Penzance, St. Ives, Falmouth, Helston, Newquay, Plymouth, Exeter, Ilfracombe, Weymouth, and all that fascinating district can be reached with the greatest ease and luxury by the splendid trains of the Great Western Railway. There is a daily service between London and Plymouth each way to and from Paddington by the long-distance non-stop ordinary express trains, which run 246 miles in 265 minutes. The company's services also command Somerset, Dorset, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, Ireland, North and South Wales, and the Midlands. All necessary information can be had at the company's stations and offices, or inquirers may send a postcard to the superintendent of the line at Paddington Station.

Special cheap fares and fast trains are announced by the Great Northern and North-Eastern Railway to enable holiday-makers to visit the delightful regions, both coast and moorland, that lie between Humber and Tweed. The company's trains have reduced the time of the journey between King's Cross and Newcastle to five hours twelve minutes. A four hours' run takes one to Harrogate, and another hour brings the traveller to Scarborough or Bridlington.

The steam-yacht *St. Sunniva*, belonging to the North of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company, is now making her summer cruises between Leith and the Fjords of Norway. On Aug. 15 the company begins a fifteen days' cruise round the British Isles, and they also announce cruises to Orkney and Shetland five times a week. Under the same management is the *St. Magnus Hotel*, Hills- wick, Shetland. The house, besides its comfort for the general tourist, offers exceptional attractions to anglers.

Luxurious travel on the Continent has been brought to its highest pitch by the International Sleeping Car Company, whose splendid expresses are now running to Carlsbad, Marienbad, the Engadine, Aix les Bains, and other favourite resorts. Every night there is a train of sleeping-cars between Calais and Paris, running in connection with the 9 p.m. train from Charing Cross. Passengers remain in the car in Paris until 7.30 a.m.

At Cobden Hill, Radlett, Herts, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Waring opened on July 22 the Orphan Homes of the Furniture Trades Provident and Benevolent Association. This excellent institution will greatly advance the good work which the Association carries on on behalf of the whole trade.

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## THE END OF THE MUSICAL SEASON.

The musical season came to an end on Tuesday night, when the last performance was given at Covent Garden. Looking back to the performances that began with May, one is gratefully conscious of much good work achieved in the best and most progressive spirit. The elaborate "Ring" operas, presented in fashion that has seldom been approached, and never excelled, in London seemed to set a standard that the most of subsequent operas maintained. With the solitary exception of "Carmen," Grand Opera has no failure to record; there have been some very interesting revivals, and two novelties, of which one, "L'Oracolo," will doubtless find an occasional hearing, for it has almost as many merits as defects; while the other, "Madame Butterfly," seems destined to take a prominent place in the affections of musical London. It has already given Covent Garden the record booking for any one night in the year.

Of German opera, under Dr. Richter's direction, there is little more to say. The old favourites will not be denied, and if they are only presented during the first half of the season it is not because they lack enduring popularity, but because the services of singers and conductors are demanded by one or another of the great opera-houses of Europe. Should the tenor arise who can do for Wagner what Caruso has done for Verdi and Puccini, the enthusiasm of musicians will be shared by the large class that has not learned yet to take German music seriously. For our own part, we have no complaint to make against the less serious supporters of the Opera, since their favour supplies the sinews of war without which musicians must needs go hungry. If Covent Garden lost its social side, Grand Opera would soon become impossible, for the public has not yet learned to support this form of music on its merits, and it is absurd to suggest that the people who pay the piper may not please themselves about the value they attach to the tune.

There are signs that works like "Don Pasquale"

and "The Barber of Seville" have served their time, and that the more dramatic efforts of the modern writers are required to hold the attention of a large house like Covent Garden; but, on the other hand, composers whose ideas are entirely modern have felt compelled to respond to the influence of Wagner, with the result that they escape from triviality and give us the good writing that has enduring qualities. Puccini's scholarship, for example, is on a par with

new-comer has advanced claims to the front rank. Melba, whose health has sometimes failed her, has sung as well as ever. Destinn has demonstrated, even to those who were sceptical, the fact that, as singer and actress together, she has few rivals upon the operatic stage; if, as is rumoured, she has already sung nearly a hundred and fifty times during the present year, the sustained quality of her work is little less than marvellous. Selma Kurz has given us some delightful evenings,

though she is not always reliable, and faults that seem to be founded upon defects of her early training constantly arise to stand between her and the supreme achievement for which she strives and we wait. Madame Kirkby Lunn has sung with distinction, and her temporary breakdown was doubtless due to the strain of her winter work in America. The young Canadian soprano, Donalda, is the most promising recruit of the year.

Caruso has worked indefatigably, and if in the last days of the season his voice grew a little tired, it is no cause for wonder, seeing how heartily he enters into the spirit of every performance without seeking to spare himself. Dalmorès, fine singer and actor and artist to the finger-tips, has contributed very largely to the success of Gounod's operas, and his Don José was the best performance in "Carmen." Sammarco came late to Covent Garden, only to make us regret that he had not arrived earlier in the season. MM. Scotti, Whitehill, Gilbert have contributed largely to the season's success; while in the orchestra Signor Campanini has secured the best possible interpretation of the scores entrusted to him.

In short, Grand Opera has been exceedingly good this year, and we look forward with pleasure to the season that should lighten the dulness of the London autumn, hoping that it may lead us to the time when opera will cease to come and go like the cuckoo and the nightingale, but will find a permanent home among us, the home that it has found in so many great cities on the Continent. This is not too much to ask from the first city of the world.



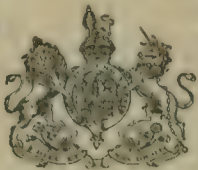
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his gift of melody. Of the old operas, "Orfeo" and "Don Giovanni" seem to retain perennial freshness, perhaps because Gluck was, for his time, almost as great a reformer as Wagner, while Mozart, equally splendid in serious or humorous mood, must remain before us as long as music has a history.

Of the season's singers, several favourites have sustained and developed their reputation, and one



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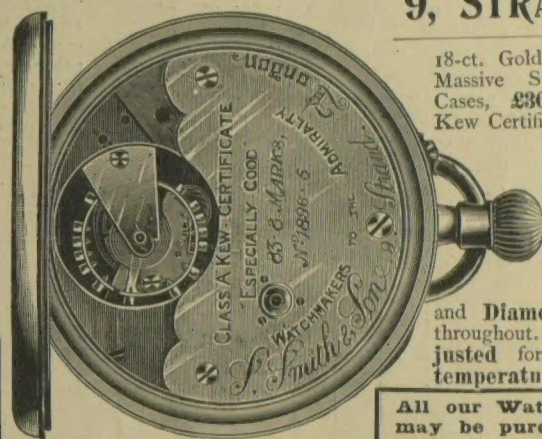
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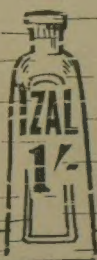
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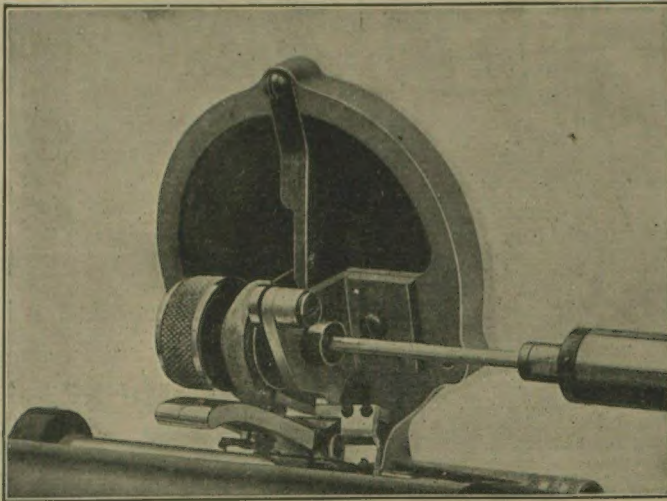
## ART NOTES.

When a young novelist of talent writes a rather turgid story, the reviewer has a habit of hurling at his head—whether to encourage or to extinguish him is not always easily apparent—the name of Mr. George Meredith. Similarly the name of Henner has become a byword in art criticism as the sort of standard and type of all painters of the figure, small in scale, full in modelling, and rich in quietly contrasted colours. The nymph is his; and while the classic has retreated from modern poetry, Henner captured Leda and Chloe and Danaë within a net of forest leafage, or surprised them basking amid sedges and shallows in the evening cool. The death of Henner at the age of seventy-five finds his contemporaries almost in the place of posterity; for it is now nearly half-a-century since he won the Prix de Rome; and he was already an old man with a past, rather than a future, when, sixteen years ago, he succeeded the smooth Cabanel in Academic rank.

Our readers will do well to differentiate carefully between the Alma-Tadema picture, "Fishing," which we publish as a Supplement, and its ornamental border, by Mr. A. Hugh Fisher. The border is, however, eminently appropriate, as it is taken from the finest wall-paintings at Pompeii, and Sir L. Alma-Tadema is not only a great painter of ancient Rome, but is one of the most accomplished archaeologists.

A Bond Street gallery has seldom been hung with more topical drawings than is the Fine-Art Society's with Mr. Chevallier Tayler's series of the Empire's Cricketers. For this has been a stirring cricket year, and the newspaper posters of London have not failed to make the least sporting among us exult for a moment at "England going strong," in huge letters, or fumble for a copper when "Test Match: Result" has been shouted down the streets. Even those who have never been to a cricket-match must be interested in Mr. Chevallier Tayler's drawing. What manner of man is this Jackson, whose "fine stand" excited England and Australia for the whole of one summer afternoon? What manner of man is Armstrong, who was impossible to "hit" and whose "length" made him unplayable? These men of immense fame, as seen by Mr. Tayler, may be viewed by the public at the Fine-Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street.

But Mr. Chevallier Tayler's drawings are not primarily for those ignorant of cricket, however learned in art. He has been at great pains to get the characteristic stroke or delivery of each of the players he has drawn; and the complex excellences of this or that action will be partly lost on all who



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are not keen followers of the game. Mr. G. W. Beldam, of the Middlesex Eleven, has helped our artist with photographs and advice, while feats on the field have been rehearsed or repeated in Mr. Chevallier Tayler's studio by the busiest and most applauded of the year's players.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The money which has been raised for a memorial to Bishop Bardsley will be used, first, for the provision of a suitable memorial tablet in Carlisle Cathedral, and, next, for the establishment of a fund to augment some benefices in the diocese. The capital will be called "The Bishop Bardsley Memorial Pension Fund," and Dr. Diggle, the present Bishop, will be requested to advise about its employment.

Canon Childe, who succeeds the late Prebendary Blomfield Jackson as Secretary of the London Diocesan Home Mission Society, followed Mr. Haweis as incumbent of St. James's Church, Westmoreland Street. He was formerly Vicar of St. Paul's, Holloway, and St. Mary's, Kilburn. His well-known business capacity makes him an ideal secretary for this important society.

The Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler, paid a cordial tribute to the retiring Bishop of Ely at a meeting held last week in Cambridge. He said that those who lived in the city and who lived and taught in the villages knew that there had been no good work in which Lord Alwyne Compton had not taken part. The Bishop would carry away from Cambridge and from the diocese the respect, the regard, and the warm affection of every man and woman with whom he had had to deal.

In his recent speech at Bridgwater House, St. James's, to the members of the "Lend-a-Hand" Club, the Bishop of London made an earnest effort to draw closer the bonds of sympathy between London's rich and poor. His address to Lady Ellesmere's guests, which was published in full by the *Guardian*, is in some respects his most remarkable utterance since he came to London. It was full of illustrations drawn from his own experience among the poor. The president of the club is Lady Beatrice Kemp, who took the chair at the Bishop's lecture.

The Rev. C. H. Kelly, who is presiding over the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol, has twice held that place of honour. He was born at Salford in Manchester, and comes of a Lancashire stock. For many years he was an army chaplain, and it was largely through his influence that Wesleyan ministers were allowed to conduct worship under War Office authority.

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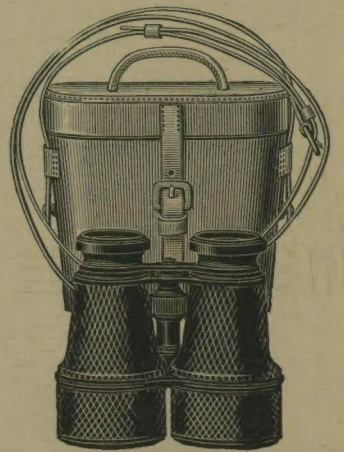
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Cuticura Soap combines delicate medicinal, emollient, sanative, and antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odours. For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for irritations of the skin, heat rashes, tan, sunburn, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to summer sports, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is priceless.

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Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In Tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe, John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

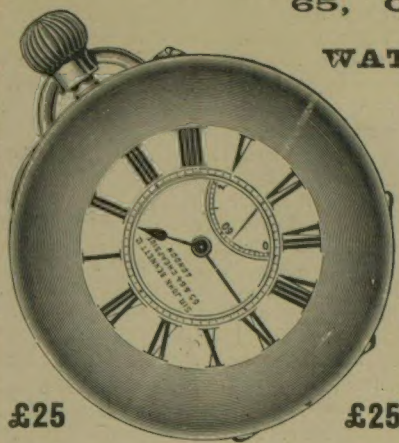
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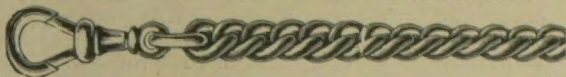
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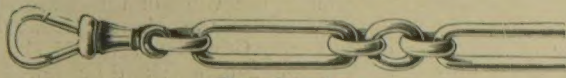


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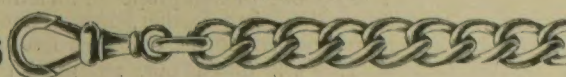
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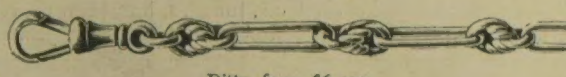
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SMOKING MIXTURE.

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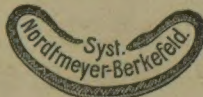
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## A "SWAN"

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Miss M. ORCHARD, Peterhof,  
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SEASIDE, MOTORING,  
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Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

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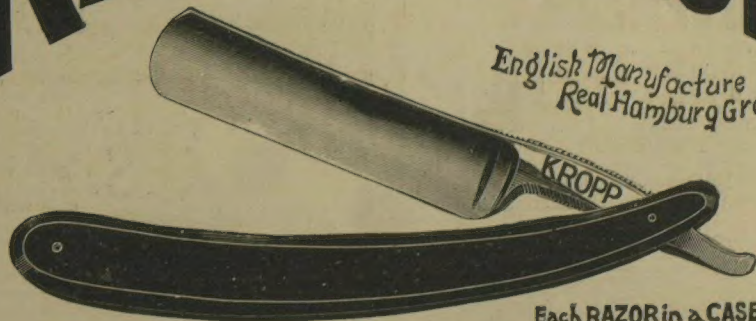
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Each RAZOR in a CASE

BLACK HANDLES 5/6 IVORY HANDLES 7/6

A PLEASURE TO USE

WHOLESALE OSBORNE GARRETT & CO. LONDON, W.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 22, 1905) of ARTHUR PHILIP, EARL STANHOPE, of Chevening, Kent, and 20, Grosvenor Place, whose death took place on April 19, was proved on July 13 by James Richard, now Earl Stanhope, the son, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £117,691. The testator gives £1000, the furniture, etc., in his town house, and £500 worth at Chevening to his wife; all his property at Pau, and the income from £10,000 to his daughter Emily Margaret; his contingent interest under the will of his brother, the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, to his eldest son; and legacies to servants. Under the provisions of his marriage settlement he appoints £10,000 each to his children Emily Margaret, Katherine Lucy, and Richard Philip. After directing that the tapestry, bronzes, statues, etc., at Chevening are to devolve as heirlooms, he leaves the residue of his property to his eldest son.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1904), with a codicil, of MR. JAMES MANSENGH, F.R.S., C.E., of 51, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, and 5, Victoria Street, Westminster, whose death took place on June 15, was proved on July 17, by John Mansergh, the brother, and Ernest Lawson Mansergh and Walter Leahy Mansergh, the

sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £103,641. The testator gives his capital, share, and interest in his partnership business, and £250 per annum each, to his daughters Amy Frances Palin and Edith Annie Price Williams; £1000, and £1500 a year while she remains his widow, or £500 per annum should she again marry, to his wife; 500 guineas to his brother John; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children.


The will (dated Feb. 12, 1904) of DAME ALICIA GEORGETTE KENNETT-BARRINGTON, widow of Sir Vincent Kennett-Barrington, of 57, Albert Hall Mansions, South Kensington, whose death took place on April 8, has been proved by Amberson Barrington Marten, the nephew, and Colonel Frederick Howard Fairtlough, the value of the estate being £39,067. The testatrix settles the Manor House Estate, Dorchester, on her son, Guy Neville; and she gives fifty guineas each to her executors; and her jewellery to her daughter. The residue of her property, including the funds under the will of her mother, Mrs. Sandeman, and of her marriage settlement, she leaves to her two children.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1905) of the REV. CANON ADAM STOREY FARRAR, D.D., of the College, Durham, who died on June 11, has been proved by the Rev. John Richard Magrath and the Rev. James Daw, the value of


the property amounting to £28,057. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, they to pay the income thereof to not less than three bonafide working men; and £4000 and the income, during widowhood, from the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto, he gives £1000 to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund of the Wesleyans; £300 to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen; £200 to the Durham County Hospital Samaritan Fund; £100 each to the Royal Astronomical Society, the Northern Counties Blind Society, the Northern Counties Society for Granting Annuities to Governesses, and the South Durham and Cleveland Deaf and Dumb Society; £500 to the Foreign Mission of the United Brethren or Moravians; £200 each to St. Luke's Home for the Dying and the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies; and many legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to Elsie and Margaret Parkes.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1891) of MR. HUBERT SPENCER CLUTTON, of 9, Whitehall Place, and 21, Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, solicitor, who died on April 6, has been proved by Mrs. Ellen Clutton, the widow, and Henry Brettingham Adams, the value of the estate being £26,049. Subject to a legacy of £300 to Edward Guy Trafford, the testator leaves all his property to his wife.

# PRICE'S CANDLES.



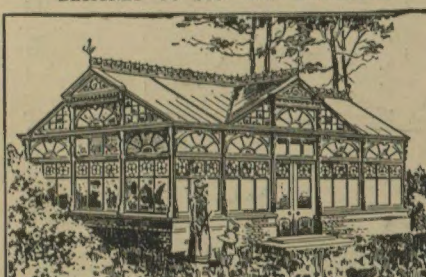
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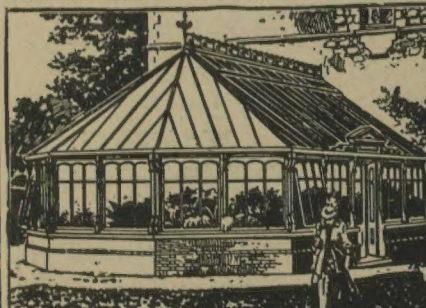
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